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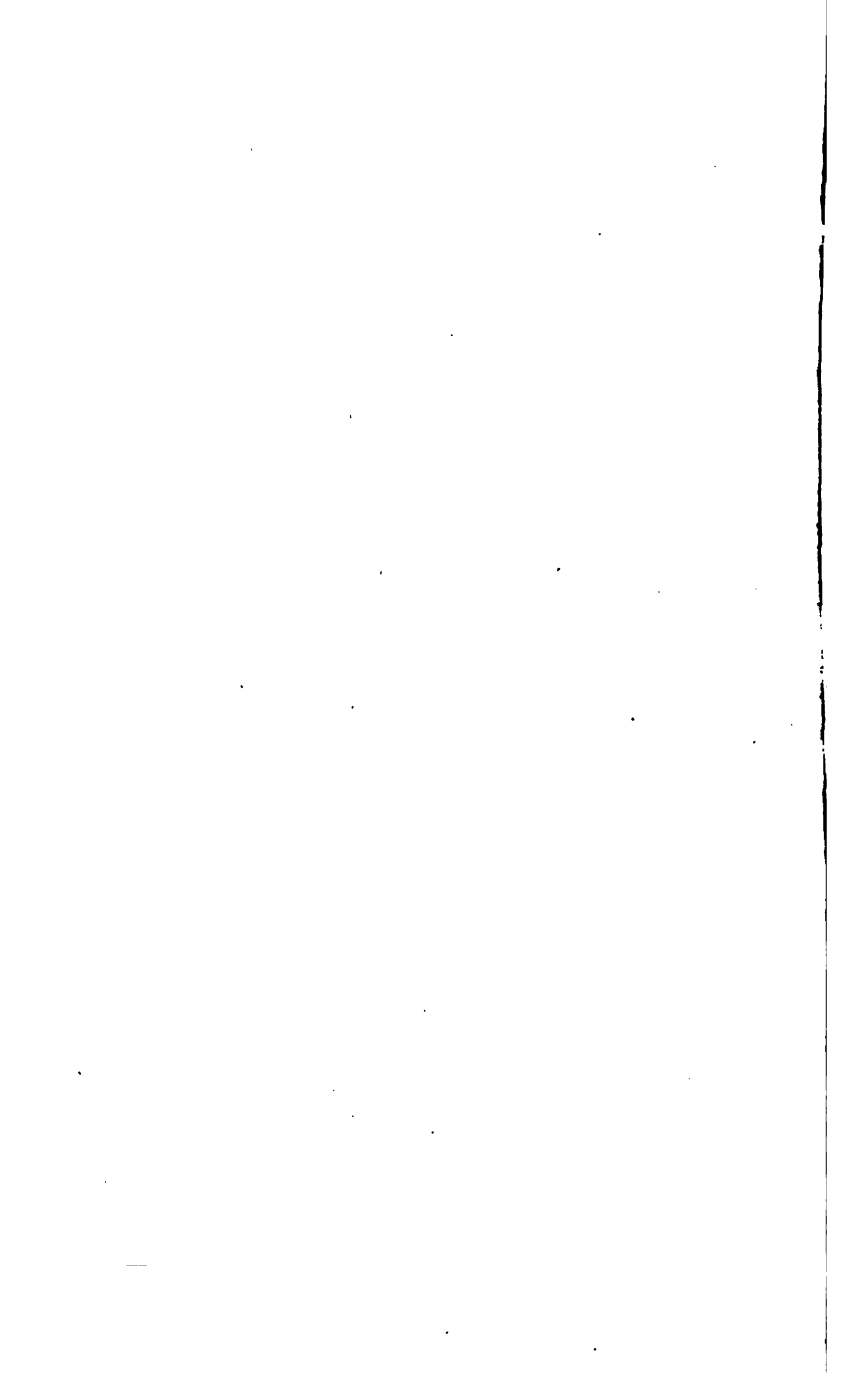


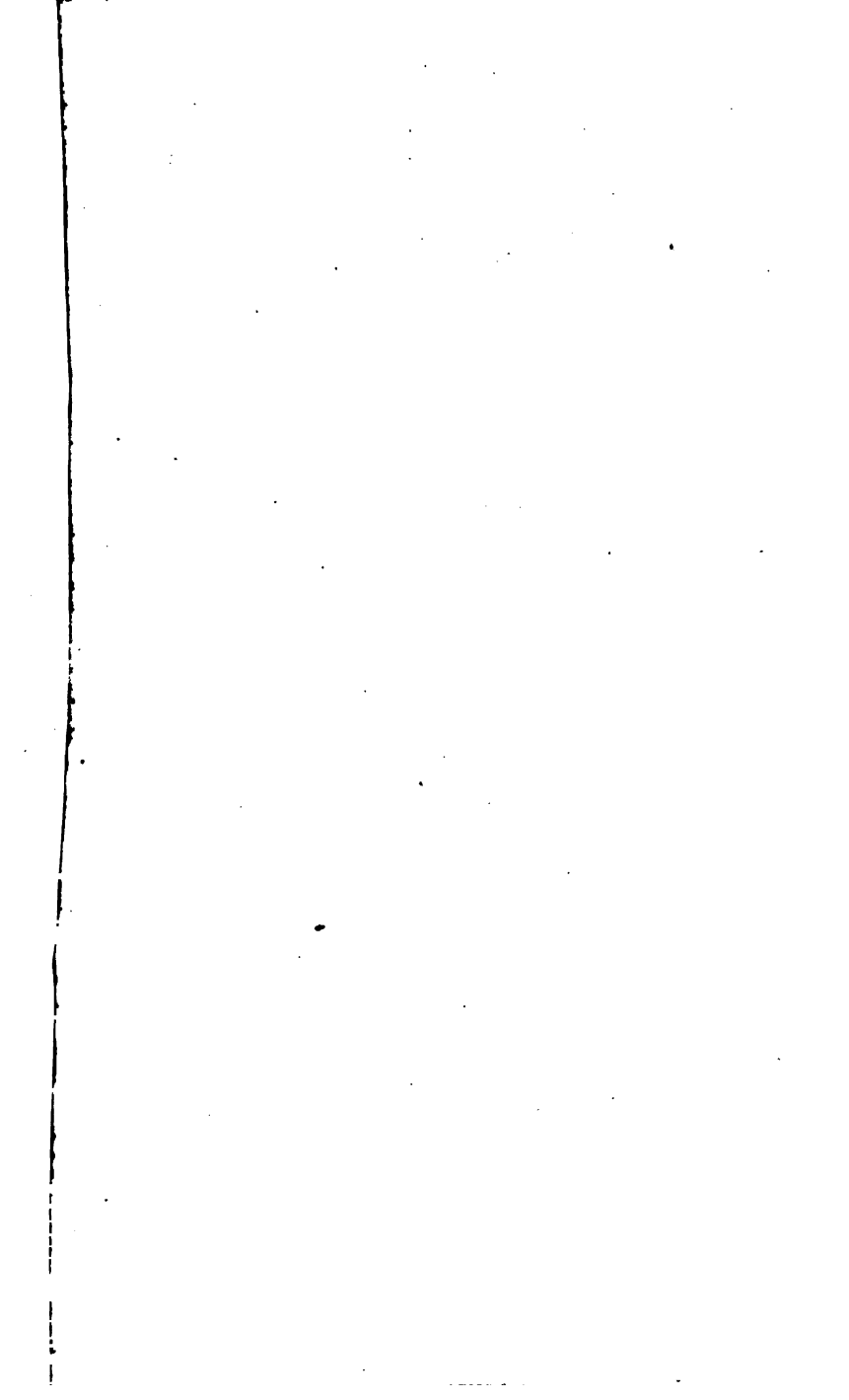
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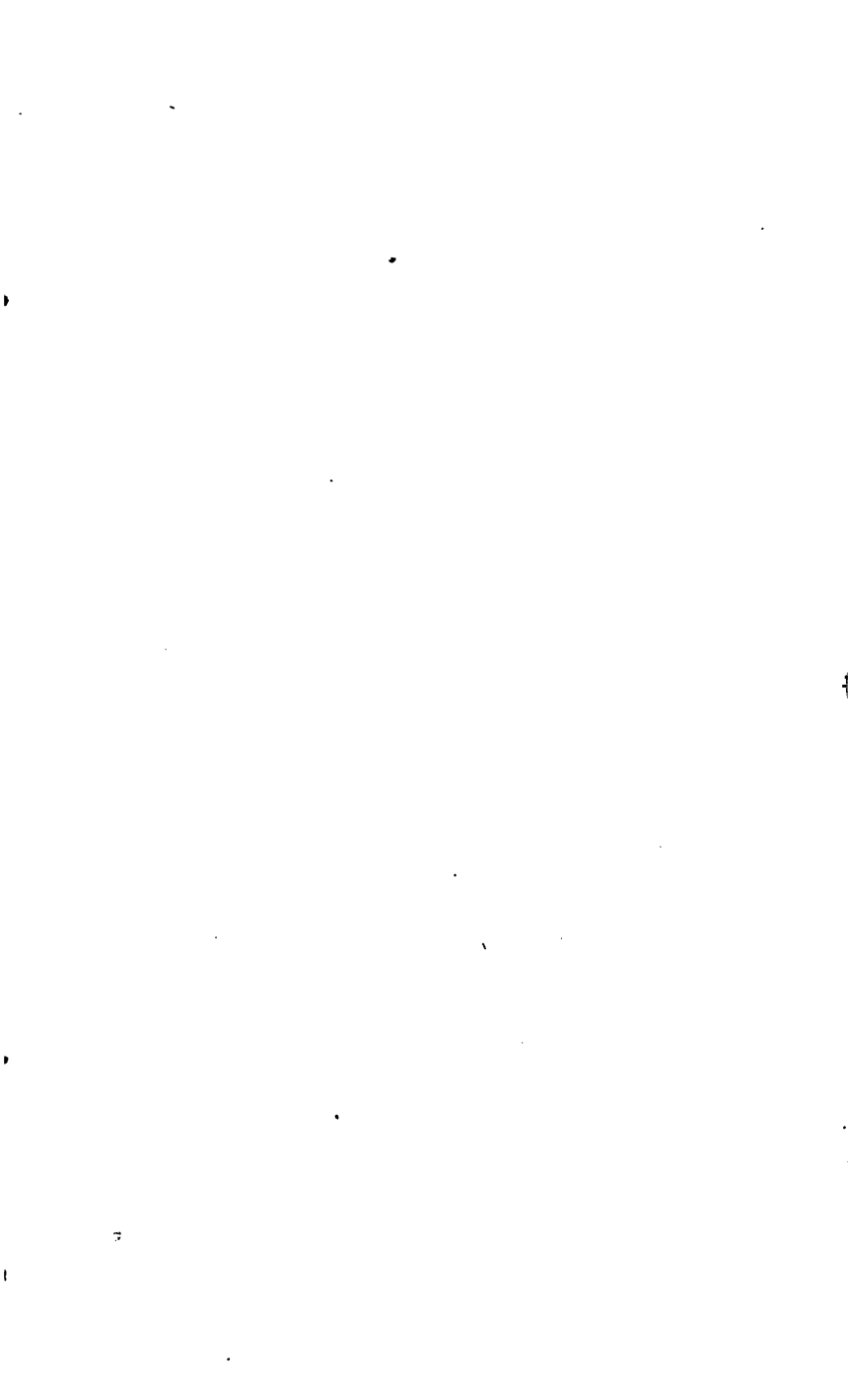
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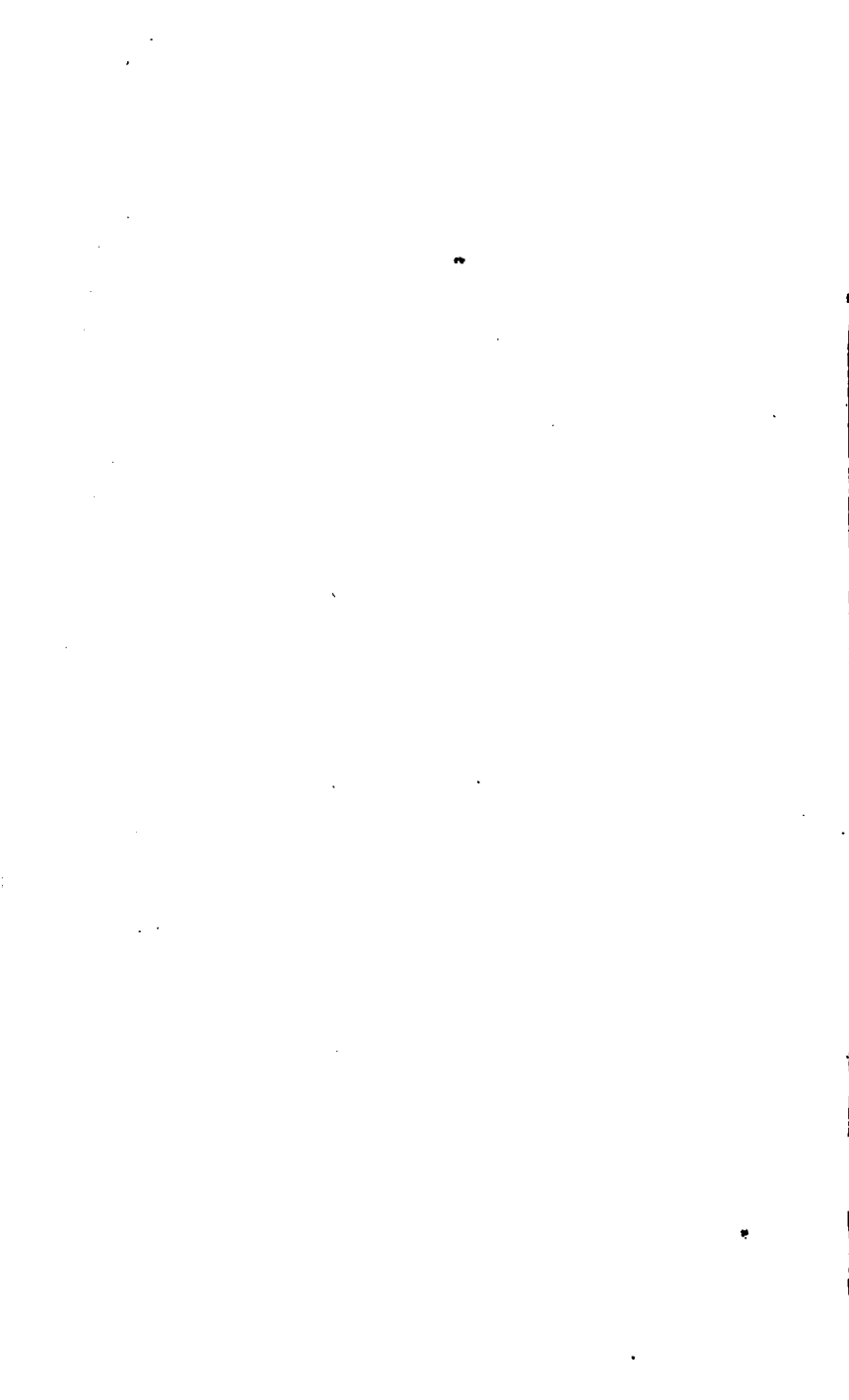
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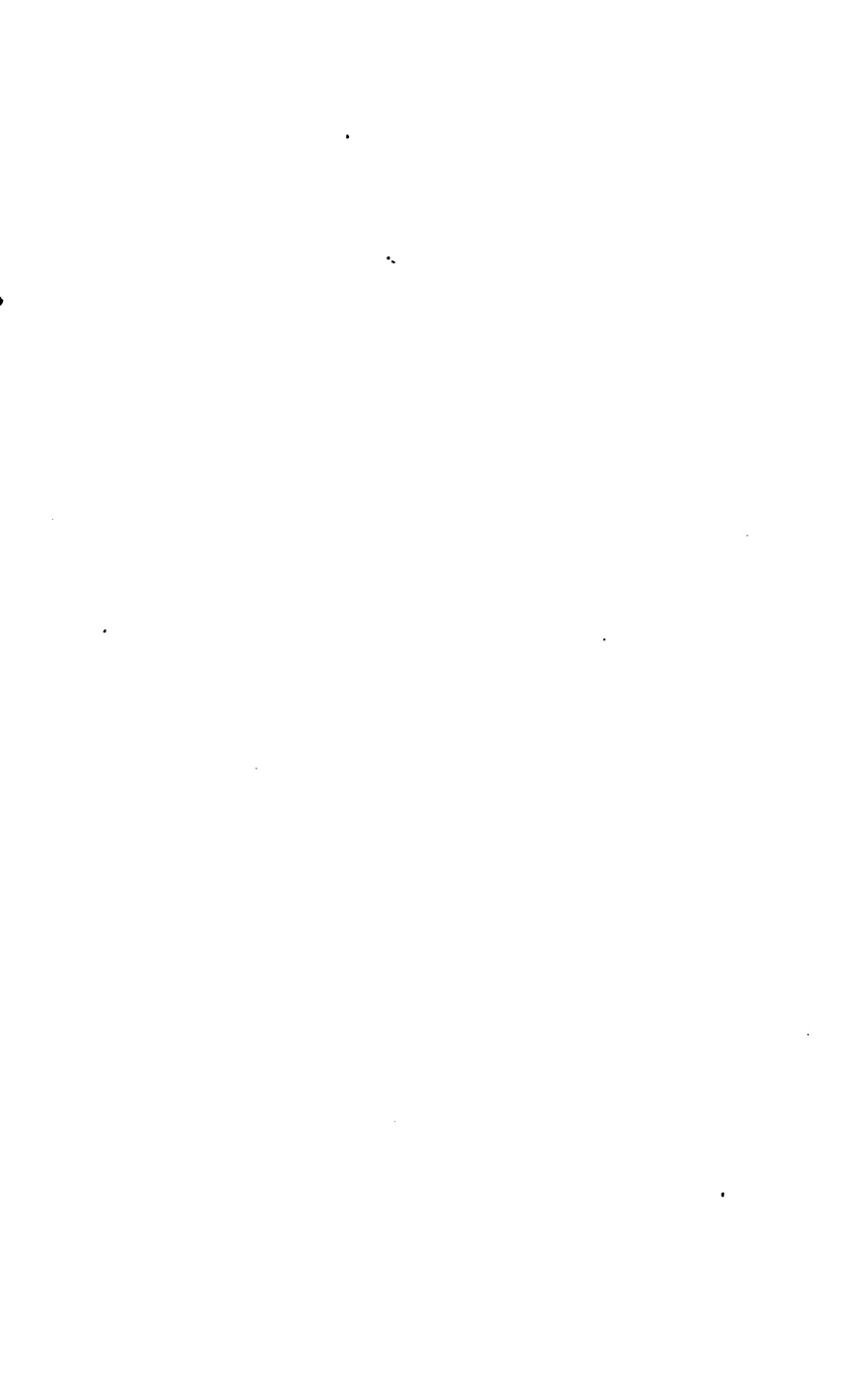


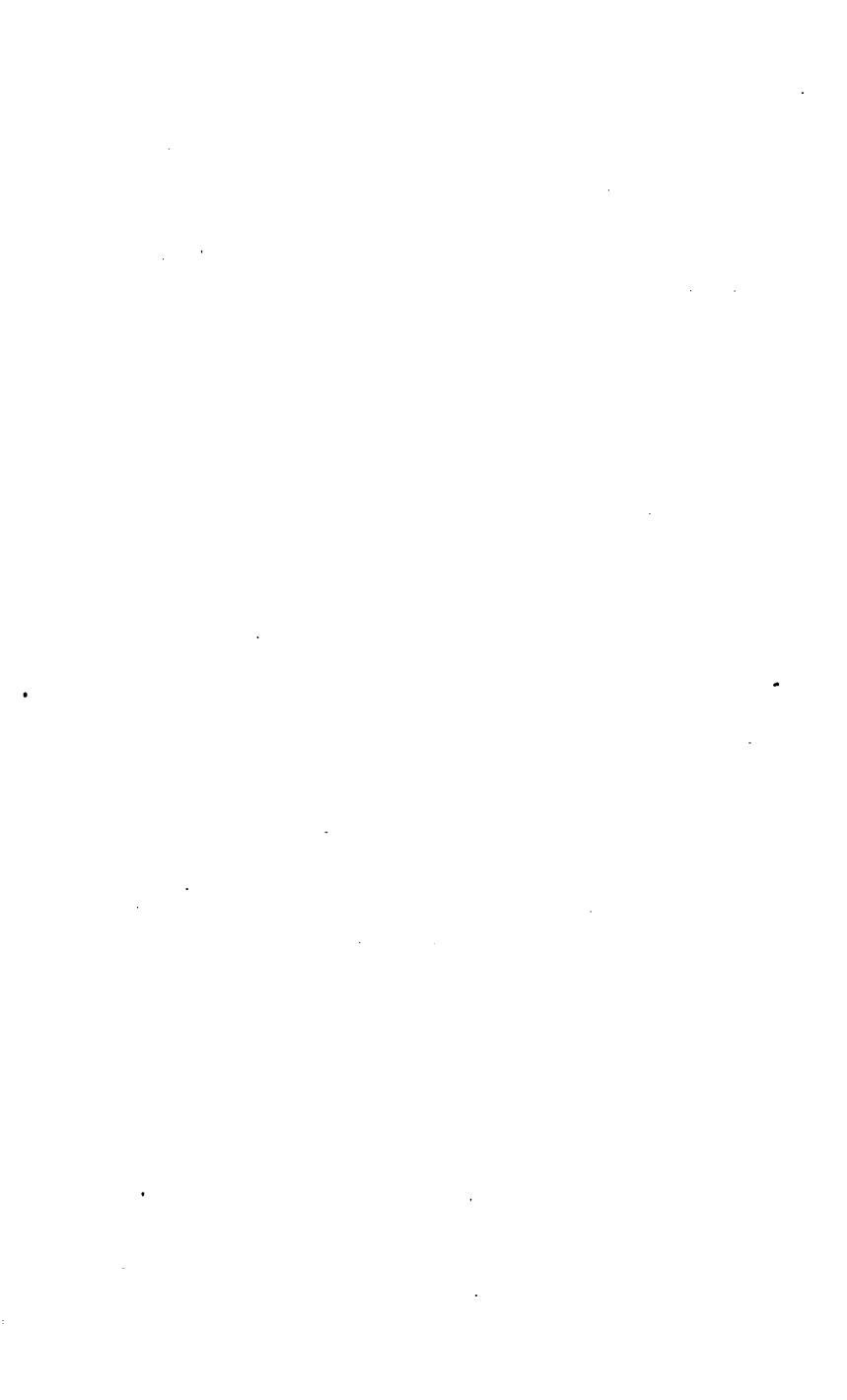


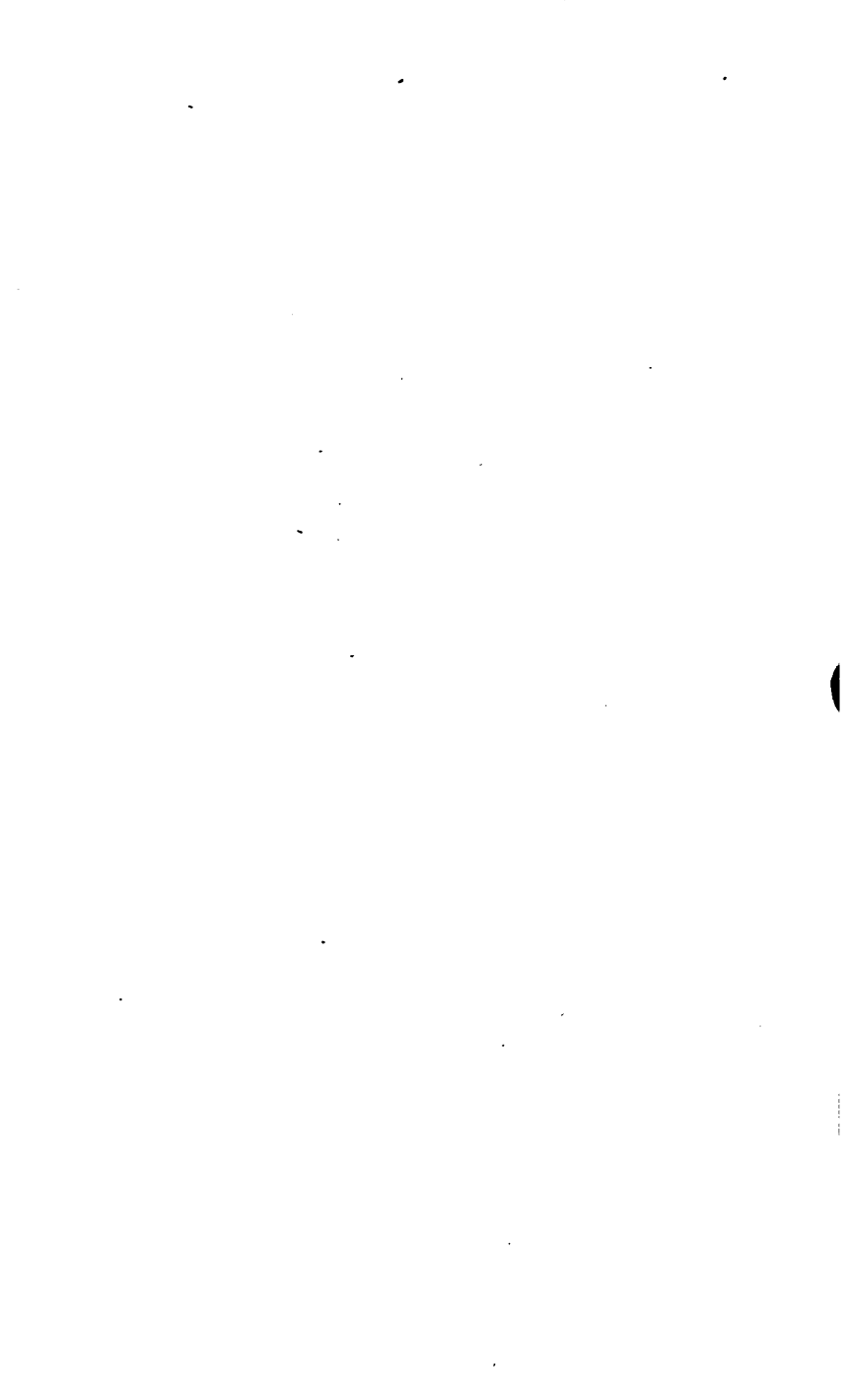












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THE
LOVE OF HOME

AND

OTHER POEMS.

THE
LOVE OF HOME

AND

20
OTHER POEMS.

BY

CHARLES WEST THOMSON.

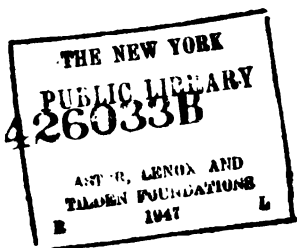
PHILADELPHIA:

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P R E F A C E .

THE principal Poem in this collection was written at the request of a Literary Institution, before which it was pronounced several years ago. It is no easy matter to give to a long piece, especially one of a didactic character, sufficient variety to keep up its interest and prevent it from becoming wearisome to an audience. In this respect a poem written for the closet, and one composed for delivery, differ very widely. I have endeavored to obviate the difficulty, by introducing a frequent change of measure; and instead of pursuing a dry course of reasoning, have

merely thrown together a series of pictures, forming a sort of illustrative gallery, in which I trust the subject is sufficiently developed. This will account for the desultory nature of the poem, which, if it be deemed a fault, must be attributed to a desire to adapt it to the purpose for which it was originally intended.

For the other pieces that make up the volume, they are a small part of the literary accumulation of several years. Some of them have been printed before, and are now again presented, as having already commended themselves to public approbation.

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THE LOVE OF HOME.

“Truly, the love of home is interwoven with all that is pure, and deep and lasting in earthly affection. Let us wander where we may, the heart looks back with secret longing to the paternal roof. There the scattered rays of affection concentrate. Time may enfeeble them—distance overshadow them—and the storms of life obstruct them for a season; but they will at length break through the cloud and storm, and glow, and burn, and brighten around the peaceful threshold of home!”

LONGFELLOW'S *OUTRE MER*.

THE LOVE OF HOME.

WHEN first Columbus, from the briny way,
Traversed so long in danger and dismay,
Beheld the dawning of this western world
Mid the blue mist that round the horizon curl'd—
When first his trembling footstep touched the strand,
And hailed with rapturous joy the wished-for land,
Which during months of anxious agony
He hoped, and yet dared scarcely hope, to see—
When the proud vision which impelled his flight
Burst in reality upon his sight,
And, with its deep woods gleaming in the sun,
More than repaid the hazard he had run,

How little dreamed he of the brightening flame
That Time should spread around Columbia's name.
How little dreamed he, that, when days were fled,
And scarce three centuries had seen their dead
Rest in the bosom of eternity,
This beautiful world he found amid the sea,
Should soar sublime above the shafts of fate,
A land of freemen, glorious and great,
Whose rising grandeur, from her gorgeous throne,
E'en sceptred Europe should not scorn to own.
Yes—note the past—the present then may seem
The unreal magic of a fairy dream.
Wild was the scene, when round these borders ran
The savage beast, and scarce less savage man;
When all the features of the frowning land
Looked as they came from Nature's forming hand,
And the new world in rugged grandeur stood,
A wide extent of unregarded good.
But, touched by art, from nature's path beguiled,
Lur'd into life, the gloomy desert smiled—
The savage wilderness, where darkness spread,
Bloomed into beauty 'neath her fairy tread;

And where before the panther loved to roam,
Domestic comfort built her happy home.
At length o'er all the land th' enchantment ran,
Science and letters shed their light on man,
And now, where late the blessed sun arose
On scenes that lay as 'twere in death's repose,
From wild Atlantic to the western sea,
Millions of freemen chorus liberty.

And is there not another spot on earth,
Is there no land as beautiful and fair?
Is there no region where the sun has birth
That owns as bright a sky, as pure an air?
Can our chill, wintry atmosphere compare
With the gentle breath of tropic climes,
Where the soft wind brings feelings, all so rare,
That but to live is happiness—where Time's
Sweet bell comes on the ear in most melodious chimes?

Where are the skies of Italy, the bright
And sunny skies, serene and pure and mild—

Where o'er the earth lies spread the still moonlight,
Like silver drapery o'er a sleeping child?

Where are the scenes so picturesque and wild
That margin all the Rhine's extended flow?

Where are the Alps in savage grandeur piled,
Each with his kingly diadem of snow,
Taking the sun's first staffe, while all is dark below?

Where are the vine-clad hills of merry France—

Where are the mountains of adventurous Spain,
That fairy land of love and gay romance,
Of minstrel's song and troubadour's refrain?—

There 'neath the chateau window the soft strain
Of light guitar breathes forth its serenade—

And the gay dance upon the grassy plain
Speaks pleasure to the peasant and the maid,
In all the best attire of holiday arrayed.

And England too—has she not glorious scenes?

Does she not stand the garden of the earth,
Where cottages peep forth from rosy screens,
And smile upon the sky in rural mirth?

There art, assisting nature in the birth
 Of beauty, spreads a little Eden round—
 While ancient halls, about the winter hearth,
 With tales and legendary lore resound,
 That almost seem to make her earth enchanted ground.

Then, wherefore, is this rugged land of ours,
 More dear to us than aught on earth beside?
 Why do we choose our fair and short-liv'd flowers
 Before the gaudy plants of India's pride?
 Why do we choose our trackless forests, wide
 In untamed nature, ere the fairy scene
 Where elegance is throned, a chosen bride?
 Why do we love the prairie's boundless green,
 Where in unnumbered herds the buffalo is seen?

It is not that our God upon this land
 Has shed the sweets of liberty—that here
 A nation of self-governed men we stand—
 It is not that our skies are bright and clear,
 Nor that they bring to us a varied year—
 Nor is it that we do not love to roam—

Then wherefore do our panting hearts revere
 With such strong instinct our paternal dome?
 One little phrase will tell—Because it is our home!

Home—that fond word,
 By which joy's fount is stirred
 As with an angel's bright and glittering wing—
 Home, saviour from despair,
 Theme of the exile's prayer,
 To whose shrine shipwrecked hearts their dearest tributes
 bring.

Home—home—sweet word—whose cheering sound can
 wake

Joy in the soul where sorrow's floods prevail—

Where, as a bird to its nest,
 Or a child to its mother's breast,
 It still will its refuge make,
 When other comforts fail.

No matter where that home may be,
 Or inland far, or by the sea—

On mountain top—in sloping dell—
By lake, by river, moor or fell—
Amid the city's crowded haunts,
Or in the wilderness, where pants
The heart of solitude alone—
In frigid or in torrid zone—
Mid nature's charms or art's proud wiles—
Where winter frowns or summer smiles—
No matter where its limits lie,
Or 'neath a soft or rugged sky,
To it the banished heart will turn,
O'er its remembered scenes will yearn;
Call back again the parted hours
Passed in repose amid its bowers,
And wake from memory's holy sleep
The blessed things she loves to keep—
The joys, the woes, the hopes, the fears,
The loves, the pleasures and the tears,
Till the poor exile, sad and lone,
Pours on the passing breeze his moan;
And while in thought he seems to stand,
Once more amid his native land,

Longs for the pinions of the dove,
To seek that land of peace and love.

'Twas thus beside the proud Euphrates' stream
The Hebrew captives sat in memory's dream—
Far from the happy home that gave them birth,
To them the fairest spot of all the earth;
From childhood's joys, from manhood's visions torn,
Alas! what could the exiles do but mourn?
Even like the willows, that with every breath,
Waved their long boughs, and kissed the waves beneath,
Their spirits drooped—and many a silent tear
Fell like a rain-drop in the waters near.
Covered with sorrow, nought was heard from all
Their plaintive harp-strings, once so musical—
Save, where depending on those gloomy trees,
They sighed sad murmurs to the wailing breeze.
And when their stern oppressors, mid their wrongs,
Bade them rehearse again their country's songs,
Beneath that scorn their hearts within them sank,
As there they sat upon the river's bank.

They could not sing on foreign shores—the strains—
 So often chanted on their native plains—
 Nor strike, mid strangers' homes, the joyous tone
 Sacred to Zion's happy scenes alone—
 For they remembered Salem's shining towers,
 Her gorgeous temples and her shady bowers—
 Her stately palaces, her weed-crowned hills,
 Her cultured campaign and her flowing rills—
 And while they looked in mournful mood around,
 And saw their arms in captive fetters bound,
 And heard the rush of Babel's rapid wave,
 Moaning like Valor over Freedom's grave,
 With melancholy thoughts they inly pined
 For the fair home of joy which they had left behind.

O what a sad and dreary thing
 It is around the world to fly,
 And find no shelter, where the wing
 May pause and rest from errantry—
 No shady bough, which broadly grows,
 And tells of comfort and repose—

No ark of safety, where the soul
 A calm, unbroken sleep may know,
 Tho' fierce without the surges roll,
 And round the bellowing tempests blow.

When mid a summer's wandering,
 I sought Niagara's reel-bound shore,
 Where wood and vale forever ring,
 With the wild flood's tumultuous roar.
 Where, smoke-like, the dense spray emits
 Its column from the vast profound,
 And Grandeur, like a goddess, sits
 Enthroned upon a rainbow's round—
 I chanced upon my way to meet
 A youth of still and gentle mien—
 One who as yet in passage fleet
 But a few, care-worn years had seen.
 A something—vainly would we tell—
 By what a wild and mystic spell
 Our souls are oft together bound—
 A something—but I know not what,

Brought him my lonely heart around,
 With feelings of deep interest fraught—
Perhaps he was unhappy—that
Gave food for fancy, and begat
A tide of thoughts that 'gan to roll
In torrents o'er my troubled soul.
I gathered of his history
 A few brief fragments—just enough
 To tell me that "we are such stuff
As dreams are made of"—'twas to me
A volume of deep thought, a school
Of morals, sad but beautiful.
He was a wanderer; alone—
 His father, mother, all were dead—
And this was told in such a tone
 As to the ear too plainly said—
A tale of solitude, that none
Perhaps had ever heard begun.
Thro' youth's soft years a rover he,
 No mother's voice to charm his way—
To dash the cup of misery,
 And bid those youthful years be gay—

None, on whose sympathizing breast . . .

That aching head could e'er be laid,
When sorrow's hand too sternly prest,
And o'er him spread too dark a shade—

None, who could weed away the tares . . .

That the soul's golden harvest let— . . .
Nor save him from the thousand snares . . .

That youth's unconscious path beset—
None, who reposing at his side,
Could be his guardian and his guide.

I spoke to him of home—of all . . .

The busy thoughts that filled my mind,
When wishes came good news to call . . .
From friends that I had left behind—
When, looking in my face, with tone . . .

Sad as the sound of breaker's foam
To him, who treads the shore alone,
He gently said, "I have no home!"

I have no home—upon my ear

Seldom have sounds of sadness come

To melancholy thought so dear
As these few words—I have no home!

He left me for the far, far West—
I know not where he now may be—
But when I think of his unrest,
Thus is my heart's warm prayer addressed,
My homeless friend! God comfort thee!

Who's he that sadly sits by yon way-side,
Gazing abroad upon the landscape wide?
His looks are haggard—his air wild—and see,
His hands are clenched as if in agony—
He mutters to himself—his words are low,
As coming from a heart surcharged with woe.
Yes, it is so—for now he speaks aloud,
Like the stern growling of a thunder cloud—
As looking up to heaven, in deep despair
He cries, "'Tis greater than my soul can bear."
What is his misery? Lend me thine ear—
It is a simple story—thou shalt hear.

There were two lonely brothers—he was one—

The only children of one common sire—

Their home was in a country, where the sun

Sheds warmly down his animating fire.

They were alone—two brothers—only two—

Serenely dwelling in this rural spot ;

They shared one bed within their father's cot—

They shared one board—heaven's fraternizing dew

Came down to bless them both.—They should have lov'd—

And did they not? Alas! our fall is proved,

And sadly proved, by those dark traits that dwell

Within us, and turn paradise to hell.

This, the unhappy one, strong as the tree

That dares the storm, was trained to husbandry ;

Stern, wilful, fierce and passionate, he stood

In all his manly strength, like the deep flood

That bears before it all opposing things,

And glories in its tragic revelings.

The other was a gentle boy—as calm

And quiet, and as timid as the lamb,

The favorite lamb he gathered from his fold—

For he was bred a shepherd—and he went

With his lone flock, where the deep waters rolled

Into the lake, and there in homage bent

Before the God that made him—he would sit

Amid the shade in many a musing fit

Of deep abstraction—he was one to love

And to be loved—mild, sensitive and meek,

The tear would oft bedew his gentle cheek,

When from his lowly seat he looked above,

And saw that brother frowning sternly down,

As with dark hatred—ah! how could he hate

So pure, so tender and so kind a being!

His only brother, too—with whom agreeing

He might have shared so tranquilized a fate.

But no! his soul was filled with envy stern,

With foul revenge, malice and anger deep—

He proudly taught the unholy fire to burn

Within his bosom, till his heart became

Stirred like the cells, where lies in restless sleep

The dark volcano's mass of growling flame.

The day was in the heavens—to a lone spot

With friendly talk he led the gentle lad;

The guileless shepherd boy suspected not.

His horrid purpose—for his heart was glad
 To hear his brother speak him in the words
 Of kindness and peace—the little birds
 Were singing their sweet madrigals around,
 And the fair flowers were peeping from the ground
 With looks of harmony—O treachery!
 How canst thou choose such scenes to wait on thee,
 Scenes that rebuke thee with their every tongue.
 The bright flowers bloomed and the wild warblers sang,
 But they moved not the heart of that stern man,
 On blood alone his thoughts and feelings ran,
 And while that sweet face was upturned to him.

With looks of love that might have shook all hell,
 The blow was struck;—shuddered in every limb

The lamb-like victim, as in death he fell
 Upon the flowery grass beneath him, where
 Stood his dark murderer with a fiendish air
 Of gratified revenge, grinning his joy,
 Like Satan, o'er that lovely shepherd boy.
 But short his joy—the blood that he had shed
 Came like a curse of fire upon his head—

Upon his brain—upon his heart it sank,
And from his soul each drop of joy it drank,
Till, as it were a poisoned garment, there
That curse clung to him, like the ambient air.
No more could life its genial pleasures give,
It was to him but wretchedness to live;
Where'er he tarried, there was still no rest,
Onward and onward still his spirit prest—
And seeking comfort yet, and yet beyond,
Abroad he wandered—Cain the vagabond!

The vagabond! yes, of that galling curse

This was the essence;—what could earth unfold
To make the anathema one shade the worse,

To make the sentence yet more harshly told?—
Driven from his home, that home of peace and joy—
Ay! surely God avenged that shepherd boy.

And there was one of whom our legends tell,

Who, for some strange indignity of old,

Given to the blessed Saviour of mankind

When shined in his humanity, was doomed
To walk the earth beneath a withering spell
Of life—unending life—and ne'er to find
Rest from his wandering, till long centuries told,
His mortal character may be resumed,
When the Redeemer shall appear again
To judge the nations and on earth to reign,
What is the curse that hangs on him? Alas!

Not life alone, but wandering—left, they say,
Among the crowd with wearying change to pass,
But never to repose—never to stay
To sip the honey-dew of life, where meet
Kindred and loved ones in communion sweet.
No home—no friends—no joy—but evermore
Destined to roam the green earth o'er and o'er—
Still stretching onward to the wished-for goal,
No end in view—arrived, no genial soul
To give him welcome—no fond kiss to greet
His burning lip—no kind voice to repeat
Words of dear import—words that are but found
By the heart's altar—on her hallowed ground.

And thus he goes, unblest—affections sear
Hanging around him still from year to year,
Doomed, joyless fate! from land to land to roam,
His heart filled with the unslaked thirst for home!

Why does the Laplander love the skies
Where winter reigns thro' half the year?
With what a lightsome heart he flies
O'er the track of snow with his fleet reindeer.
He loves in the long and moonless night
To watch the bright aurora play,
When it gives its gay and sparkling light,
Instead of the fairer beam of day.
He delights to chase the polar bear,
Where he hides in his unsunned realms of frost,
And little he cares for the biting air,
If the game he is seeking be not lost.
Away—away—by night and day,
He loves o'er the snow-covered plains to roam—
And he blesses the speed of his reindeer steed,
Because, again, it will bear him home.

Why does the Hottentot love the land,
Where summer pours down its burning heat?
He sits content on the grassy strand,
And laves in the water his arid feet.
He looks on his hut in the palm-tree's shade
As the fairest palace his heart can know;
And him who would dare its rights invade
He deems his deepest and deadliest foe.
For he sees his dark-haired damsel there,
And his tawny children sporting round;
And they to his eye are as passing fair
As aught that in Europe's range is found.
That palm-thatched cot is a holy spot;
More dear to him than a lordly dome—
His heart's best prayer is offered there—
For there he has planted his peaceful home.

Once on the spot where now we stand
The Indian hunter freely trod,

Unquestioned ruler of the land,
Owning no sovereign but his God—
The Great Eternal Spirit, whom
Almost unknowing, he adored—
And to whose praise, amid the gloom
Of night, his mystic song he poured.
'Twas here that he pursued the chase,
'Twas here he found a fitting place
To raise his wigwam to the sun
That broke amid the forest dun.
He looked upon the glowing sky
In nature's free-born majesty—
He saw the rivers proudly roll,
Free as the current of his soul—
He heard the torrent's ceaseless shock
Break in wild clamor on the rock—
'Twas music to his ear—
For as he listened to its sound,
From the bold height he looked around,
And all he saw was his own ground,
To every feeling dear.

There could he come at morning's prime,
 There could he rest at evening time,
 To watch the close of day—
 The wild birds sang around his path—
 There came no voice of woe and wrath—
 And every charm that nature hath
 Was scattered round his way.
 Forth with his bow and hunting-spear,
 To chase abroad the nimble deer
 At early dawn he ran—
 And as he trod the misty hills,
 Uncaring for life's thousand ills,
 He looked, among her foaming rills,
 Like nature's nobleman.
 Where is he now? Gone—gone—no more
 His footstep sounds along the shore—
 No more by Susquehanna's springs,
 By Schuylkill's woody screen,
 "His blanket tied with yellow strings,"
 The Red Man's form is seen—
 No more he drives the eager chase
 Amid his ancient dwelling place—

No more the feast, the dance, the song
Bear him in thoughtless joy along,
Happy amid the home he made
Deep in the untamed forest's shade.
But now on far Missouri's strand,
Mid the poor remnant of his band,
Sad as the last dry leaf we see
Hanging on autumn's faded tree,
Dreaming of days forever flown,
He wanders spiritless and lone.
Ask me not why—Oh! ask me not
Why he deserted this fair spot!
I would not mingle with my song
The story of our fathers' wrong;
Nor tell how when the white man came
He gave their wigwams to the flame,
Usurped the land where right was none,
And onward towards the setting sun
Drove its poor inmates, faint and few,
Brushed from the earth like morning dew,
Or left in cruel mercy still
To cherish all their store of ill,

And seek some semblance of a home
Amid the western ocean's foam.
Hide the foul blot! Benignant Heaven,
Let the injustice be forgiven—
To us, who may not now recall
The Indian's fate—the Indian's thrall.
His happy home, alas! he knows no more,
His day of promise is forever o'er;
But while he strays on uncongenial ground;
The shadow of a nation once renowned—
Bearing, like ruins where the sunbeams shine,
Some show of glory even in decline,
Let us a passing tear, in tribute pay
For Logan's injured race, now almost passed away.

Hark! I hear the voice of song—
'Tis a wild and plaintive strain,
Borne upon the breeze along,
Like spirit-music o'er the main.—
Chanted in a foreign tongue,
Its words to me no meaning bear—

But those notes, tho' briskly sung,
 Seem to whisper of despair.
 Yes! despair is in its breath—
 Wafted from the ocean's foam,
 It tells of exile and of death—
 It is the Switzer's song of home.

Why weeps yon hardy mountaineer
 That lay of other lands to hear?
 What does the tear in manhood's eye?
 'Tis woman's privilege to weep—
 And childhood may the stream supply,
 Because the fountain then is deep—
 But in a stern, hard-featured man,
 A strong, brave man, to see the tide
 Rush down, as if a stream o'er-ran
 Its banks, the waters multiplied
 By storm and torrent, till its course
 Went onward with unbridled force—
 To see a strong man weep big tears
 O'er-mastered by deep feeling's power,

As if the misery of years
Were gathered into one brief hour—
To mark his strife, with struggles vain,
To check the waters as they roll—
O it does speak, in language plain,
Of mighty tempests in the soul.

This man had come long years ago
From Zurich's bright, romantic shore—
The lake's pure waters went in flow
Of silvery music by his door—
A scene of beauty where his eye
From childhood's earliest hour had dwelt—
A scene of sweet simplicity
Which riper years had deeply felt.
But fortune favored not his stay
Where most his heart had loved to be,
And pointed out his future way
Mid other lands across the sea—
And in America's deep woods
He built anew his humble shed,

And heard the roaring of the floods
Which there her mighty rivers fed.
Plenty and peace were at his door,
Brave children round his table smiled,
And all that wedded love could pour
Upon his path, the way beguiled.
He saw his herds the landscape dot,
He saw his harvests wave in pride—
And now he almost had forgot
His childhood by fair Zurich's side.—
But when that song upon his ear
Came like a dream of other days,
The early scenes that once were dear
Rushed back upon his mental gaze—
Wild thoughts of home, with maddening force
Upon his restless bosom prayed,
And filled his heart with deep remorse
That he had ever left its shade.—
At once his homestead he resigned,
Forsook his now well-cultured land,
And gave his golden fields to find
The reaping of another's hand.

The flocks that used to wander o'er

His meadows were no longer seen,
And from his chimney rose no more

The smoke-wreath mid the forest green.
Their charm was now forever past,

His soul they could no longer wake—
And he returned to breathe his last

In peace by lovely Zurich's lake.

Now lift the curtain on imperial Rome—

The night has past away—the morn has come
In all its dewy sweetress—the light breeze
Is rambling lazily among the trees—

But with so still a wing it scarce has power

To unfurl the standard on the capitol—

The sun awakes—kissing each hill and tower
With lips of beauty, and in gladness peeping

Around each temple's lofty columns—all

Is silent, for the busy world is sleeping;

Save where in yonder camp the sentinel

Paces his dreary round.—How peaceful seems

All this fair prospect where the morning beams!

But ah! exalted Rome! it is not well,

It is not well with thee—for at thy gates

Ceriolanus, the proud-exile, waits

With a besieging army—*woe is thee;*

By thy unkindness and ingratitude,

To have made thy noble son thy enemy,

And brought him to thy walls with menace rude.

But see—what mean you mourners, as they go

Forth from the gates with solemn pace and slow?

Sorrow is in their garments and their air,

As to the hostile camp they straight repair.

The exile meets them—silent, but yet mild—

It is his noble mother, wife and child.—

He saw the coming trial—firm he stood,

And heard that honored mother pour a flood

Of wild entreaty—“O! my son, my son,

What in thy frenzied anger hast thou done?

Why wilt thou sternly cherish such a hate

Against thy country—if she be ingrate,

Be not ingrate thyself—remember me,

Who watched so kindly o'er thy infancy—

Think of the anxious care I gave thy days
 Of early boyhood—think of all the praise.
 I lavished on thy manly valor—lend
 Thy pity now to kindred, child and friend.
 It is thy home—thy country—native land,
 Come craving mercy at thy conquering hand,
 O! for the sake of all that well may be
 Most precious to thy bosom, answer me!
 Hear me! my son! I never made request
 To thee before,—O! grant me this behest—
 Be to thy country once more reconciled—
 Marcius! the mother kneels before her child!
 Art thou ashamed to grant my ardent prayer?
 Do I entreat thee vainly?—Let me bear
 This weary load of life no more—if I
 Ask but to be refused, O! let me die.”

He raised her from the ground whereon she knelt,
 And pressed her to his bosom—while there dwelt
 Within his soul such struggles as will rack
 The heart, and almost make its fibres crack.
 But soon began his feelings to subside,
 And softer passions took the place of pride—

Anger, revenge and hatred passed away,
And warm and kind emotions gained the sway.
His early days came up before his view,
The home he lov'd—the land he honored too—
The scenes where all his heart's best joys were stored,
The household gods he cherished and adored—
All rushed in crowds his faithful memory by,
And brought the tear of feeling to his eye.
Long time he spake not—but at length in low
And solemn tones he taugt his words to flow—
“Mother—so be it as thou hast advised—
Rome is redeemed—but I am sacrificed!”
He said—and from the valley where they lay
Ready for fight, he drew his host away—
Gave his proud vengeance on the winds to roam,
And bartered honor for the love of home.

Let Tell top speak, the patriot of the hills,
And shout abroad the energy that fills
The freeman's heart, when he beholds the land
Towards which his warmest wishes all expand,

Sink 'neath the thralldom of a tyrant's chain,
And waste her strength in struggles long, but vain.
Yes! his was a true heart—his mountain home
Was greatly dear to him—the very foam
Flung from her noble waterfalls was dear,
Because it spoke of freedom—far and near
His fame is on the winds—the thunder-cloud
That sits upon the lofty mountain head
Has not more majesty—looks not more dread
Than he—yes! Switzerland may well be proud
Of such a son, and joy to hear his praise
Sung in the varied tongues of many lays.
He loved his Alpine home—it was more fair
To him than all the glorious lands elsewhere—
His simple hearth amid the wilderness
Was dear, because it gave him love's caress—
The lakes that spread around his wild domain,
Had charms that other regions showed in vain—
And ever new, the mountains seemed to glow
In their proud caps of everlasting snow.
He loved his Alpine home—his memory dear
That home in turn must evermore revere—

His praise is sung throughout the rolling world,
 Wherever freedom's banner is unfurled—
 And while the eagle on her peak is free
 Mankind shall talk of Tell and liberty.

Change we again the shifting scene to show
 A quiet picture, where
 The heart's deep waters run in gentle flow
 Among the weeds of care.

It was the twilight hour—o'er Italy
 The parting day let down a soft, warm light,
 That told of balmy airs and summer skies.
 A pastoral landscape opened there, and nigh
 A villa by a little lakelet stood,
 Relieved against the bright green foliage
 Of the dark forest in its rear—o'er which
 The mountains peered in lines of misty blue—
 A scene as lovely as Endymion,
 When chaste Diana kissed him where he slept.
 'Twas a fair mansion, standing quite alone—
 And at its open window, which looked down

Upon a garden, whence the fresh-perfume
Of myriad flowers breathed upward lusciously
Amid the gentle air of evening, sat
A dark-haired girl, leaning upon her hand,—
Gazing intently on the fading west,
As tho' her thoughts had winged themselves away
To some far-distant land. She was not fair—
The brown, autumnal tinge was on her cheek,
But exquisite in beauty; for a flush
Rivaling the rose was there—which seemed to tell
Of health and length of days—but, ah! within
The spoiler plied his desolating work
Insidious and concealed.—She felt it so—
And knew her days were numbered—yet she came,
Lured by the wishes of the hearts she loved;
To offer 'neath these warm and balmy skies
A sacrifice to Hope. She knew 'twas vain,
And longed again for home—that dear, sweet home,
Where she had left so much of happiness—
And as she looked upon the paling sky
Now gray and misty, from her seat she rose,
And dashed the tear that dimmed her sight away.

Her harp stood near—her hand instinctively
Ran sadly o'er the strings—and in such tones
As melt the heart to very childishness,
Thus to her voice the words of feeling came.

The fields that once my young feet roved,
The hills that greet the sunny sky,
The chiming brooks where erst I loved
To watch the shadows sailing by,
The woods that frowned in grandeur proud,
The tangled brake, the breezy fern,
All seem to lift their voices loud,
And sweetly say—Return—return.

Each favored corner in the cot,
Where early days so swiftly flew—
Each hiding-place, each secret spot
Of which alone my wisdom knew—
The chimney nook, where, winter night,
I watched the crackling faggot burn,
All crowd upon my memory bright,
And seem to say—Return—return.

The rose is yet upon my cheek,
Tho' health, alas! has passed away—
My hand is faint, my voice is weak,
The harp's sweet strings I scarce can sway—
Yet ere I die, to native home
My heart's best feelings warmly yearn,
For all its scenes like music come,
And fondly sing—Return—return.

The song had ceased—but yet among the chords
Her fingers played almost unwittingly—
She dwelt with thoughts that bore her far away—
Till a soft kiss upon her forehead prest.
Recalled her back again—her mother's hand
Led her to where a purple ottoman
Invited to repose. “My child,” she said,
“Your song is over sad—come, cheer these thoughts—
Are you not better? And another year
Passed mid these lovely scenes and balmy airs
Shall find you quite restored.”—“No, mother, no!”
In sweet and solemn tones the answer came,
“I ne'er shall know the sweets of health again.

Let me go home—I have not long to live—
And while I live, O let it be among
The cherished haunts of my own native cot—
This is a fair land—these are lovely skies
And lovely airs—and everything is bright
And gladsome round me—but it is not home!
Where are the roses that looked in upon me,
As I sat singing at my daily task?
Where is the jasmine that used to twine
Around the columns of our lowly perch?
The honey-suckle, which I nursed and raised,
And which repaid me with its rich perfume?
And, above all, where is that gentle boy,
That most beloved of brothers, dear Eugene,
With his fair, rosy face and clustering hair,
Whose kiss to me is worth all Italy—
Mother, I must go home—these are not here,
I cannot live away from them.”

Thus spake

The dying Julia—'tis in vain to reason
With a departing spirit thus resolved—
Who feeling that its destiny is sealed

For all this world can give, craves the heart's food,
And will not be refused. They left that land,
That sunny land of story and of song.
The seas were soon o'erpast—and once again
Among the shade of Pennsylvania's woods
They stood within the precincts of their home.
The fading Julia, travel-wearied, lay
Upon a seat of pillows, whence she might
Look out upon her favorite prospect—clear
Beside her sat her noble brother, looking
Intently in her face, his trembling hand
Clasped within hers—she was too faint for talk,
But, with a smile of purest satisfaction
Suffusing her pale cheek and tearful eyes,
She said in a low whisper, "Dear Eugene!
O how delightful! Yes, this—this is home!"
It was the evening hour, and far away
Behind the distant mountain tops, the sun
Passed with a flush of glory—'twas a sky
Of clouds and gorgeous beauty, such as oft
Closes the grandeur of an autumn day.
The hills were glowing with the varied shades.

Of the frost-tinted foliage, which the breeze
Shook ever and anon from its faint hold
Amid the beauty of its parent tree.
O! what a scene for sad and sober thought.
That setting sun—those yellow, withered leaves!
What emblems were they of that passing soul!
What tokens of the transitory state
Of all the glory that belongs to man!
She felt it—felt that they were beautiful—
But other thoughts were mingled with them there!
She knew she was again with all she loved,
With all that was most dear—a heavenly smile
Played o'er her features—then she breathed once more
That blessed word, "home"—and her spirit passed
Soft as the zephyr in the morning sky.

They laid her 'neath the wild flowers and the grass
Of her own native sod—a fair flower she,
Too fair and gentle for the mid-day heat.
In the pure morning of her sunny prime,
With all things bright and beautiful around,
She went unarmouring to her early rest—

Silent as sleep—happy to die at home,
 And find a green grave in her native land.

Home! yes, it is a talisman to show
 The way of peace—which like a star will rise
 Upon the soul with mild and steady glow,
 And mutely point her pathway to the skies.

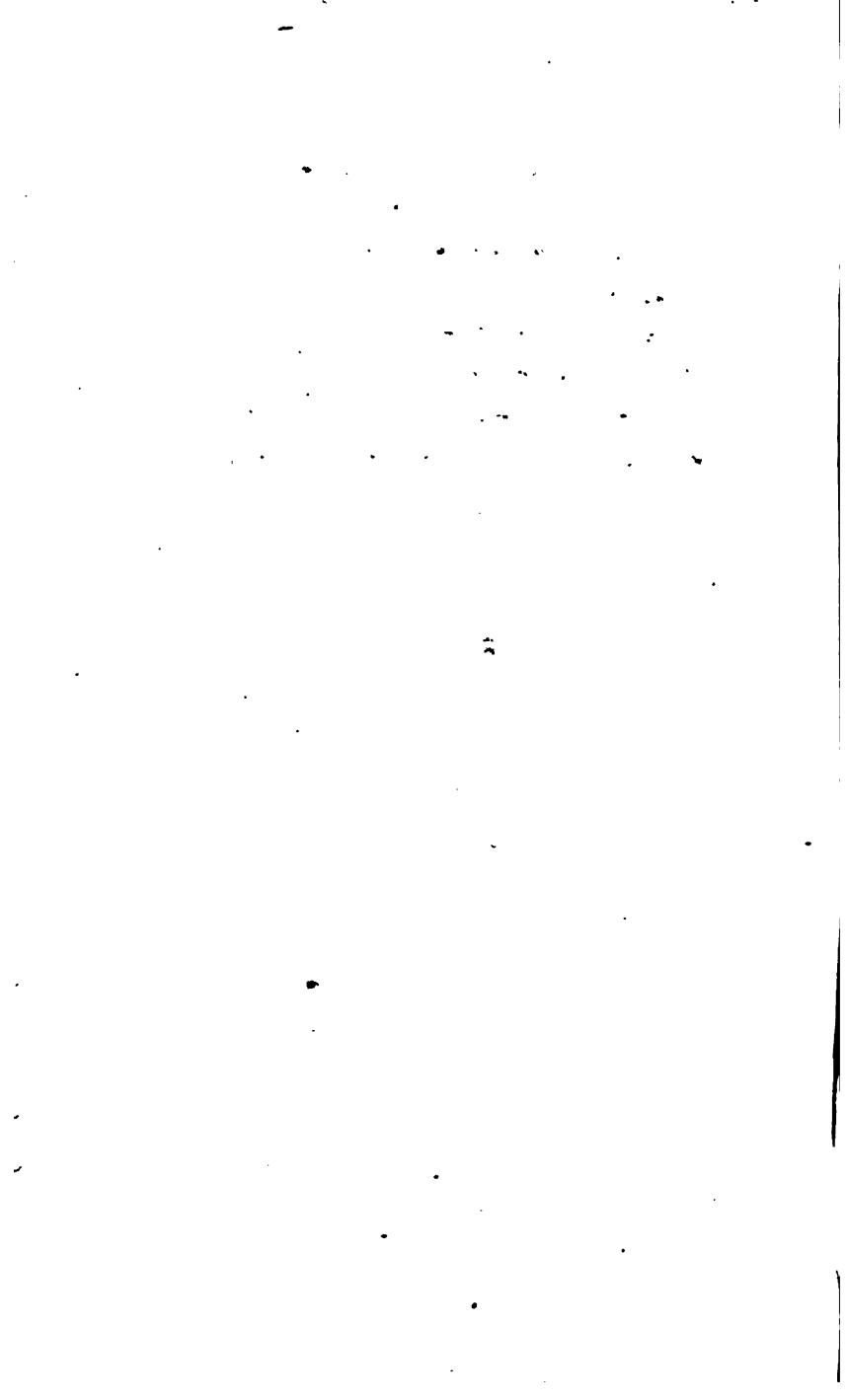
And is Home dear to you?—and do you love
 Its sacred haunts where peace and quiet dwell?
 Where happiness sits like a brooding dove,
 And joy delights her eager tale to tell?
 Where all the fairest gifts that love can bring
 Are offered on the heart's devoted shrine—
 Where even grief is so serene a thing,
 We almost cease at sorrow to repine?
 Or do you seek your rest amid the wild
 And angry tumult of a jarring world,
 Where upon faction's stormy sea beguiled
 From wave to wave the weary mind is hurled?
 Or is the road of vice, that broad highway
 That leads to death,—is this your chosen path?—

And mid its mazes and mazes do you stray,
 Wrecking your peace and braving future wrath?
 O turn again to that more narrow road
 Which sweet domestic comfort brings to view—
 Turn to the pleasures of her calm shade,
 And mid her joys your broken vows renew
 If on the ragged hills of guilt and crime
 Too long your wandering feet have loved to roam,
 O! wisely hasten to redeem the time,
 And woo fair Virtue at the shrine of home.

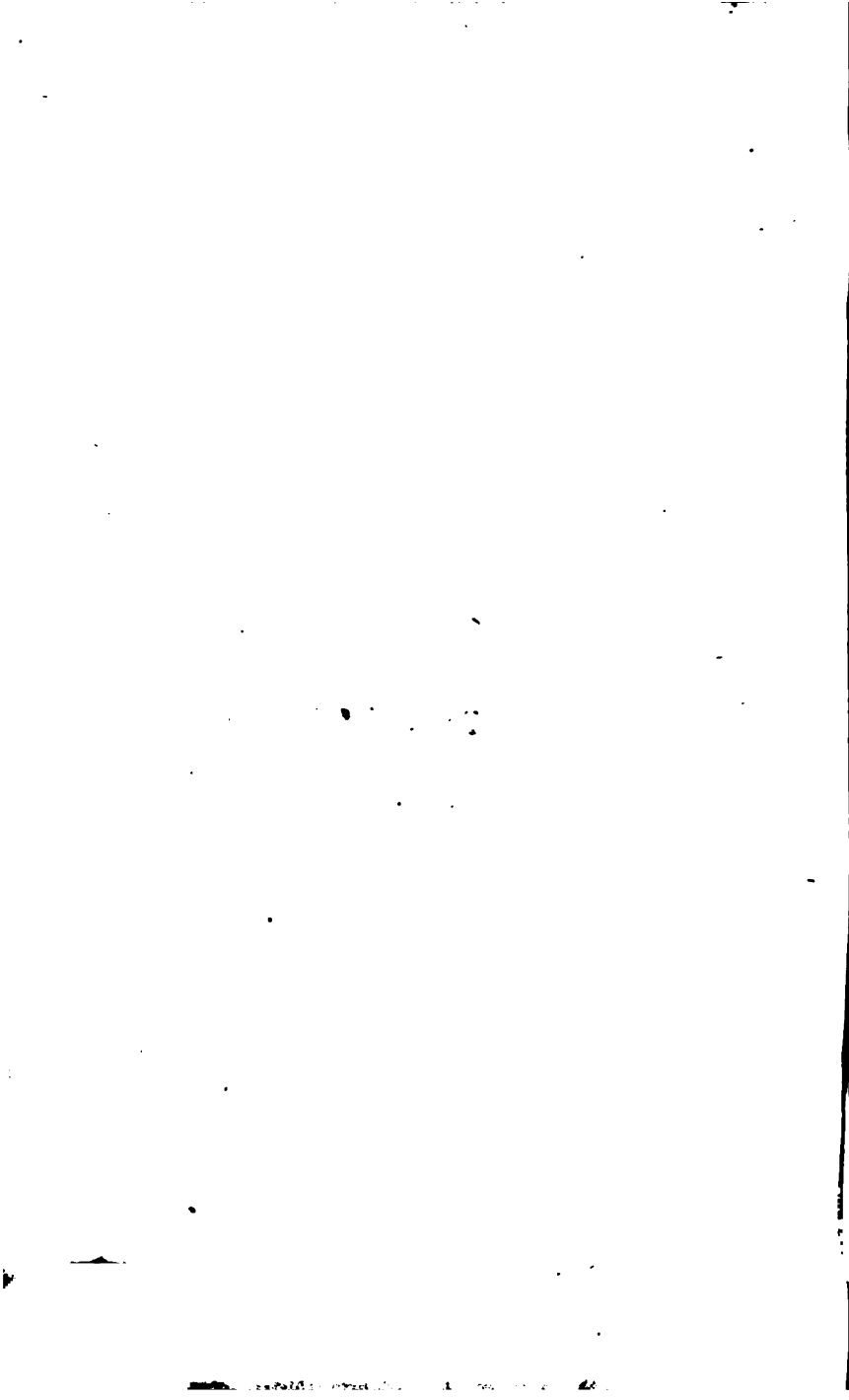
But is this earth our home? Alas! no more
 We claim an Eden on this barren shore.
 Like those who run a long and weary race,
 Our varied course has no abiding place.
 Change—change is over all—the rose to-day
 Blooming and fresh, to-morrow fades away—
 And every joy we dare to call our own
 May soon be mingled with the dark unknown.
 Sent like false rebels from our native land,
 Pilgrims and strangers on a foreign strand,

One vast and wandering caravan are we
 O'er Time's wide desert to Eternity.
 Poor houseless wretches by the tempest driven,
 We have no home on earth, our home is heaven.
 And are we seeking then that better land,
 Where lasting pleasures dwell at God's right hand,—
 Striving to win that Paradise once more
 Which made our race's happy home of yore?
 Or are our energies and purpose lent
 To earthly aims, content with banishment?
 Exiles, awake! your home is in the skies,
 There let your wishes and your hopes arise—
 Set your affections on those purer joys
 Which neither time abates, nor death destroys—
 And be it still your highest, proudest aim
 To own, with God and man, a spotless name—
 Anxious alone, above each other care,
 The robe of truth and holiness to wear,
 So in that solemn and momentous day,
 When earth and all its scenes shall fade away,
 May He who did for human sins atone,
 Present us faultless at his Father's throne.

Then may we gain, our time of sorrow o'er,
A peaceful refuge on the heavenly shore;
Find in the love that there eternal reigns
A mighty recompense for all our pains,
And doomed no more in restless chase to roam,
Hear God's assuring word—his joyous "welcome home!"



P O E M S.



REBEKAH.

OR THE SYRIAN BRIDE.

A HEBREW ECLOGUE.

It was the evening of a summer's day,
Whose rosy light o'er all the landscape lay—
The weary sun had gently sunk to rest
In the rich chambers of the glowing west,
And sent the fragrant zephyrs forth to sigh
Through the long twilight of an orient sky.
A silent mist was creeping o'er the hill,
The deep green foliage of the woods was still;

The wild gazelle stood on the rocks to browse,
The birds began to nestle in the boughs,
And that calm mood diffused itself around,
Which, almost breathless and without a sound,
Waking such thoughts as to repose invite,
Marks the sweet interval 'twixt day and night.
At the hill's foot the gorgeous city lay,
Its towers yet gleaming with departing day;
The languid inmates, glad once more to leave
The burning sun-beams for the cooling eve,
In social groupings to their roofs repair,
To breathe the freshness of the evening air.

Beyond its precincts, haply one short road,
There rose the umbrage of an ancient wood
Upon whose flank, from rocks grotesquely piled
By nature's hand, as if in frolic wild,
A fountain, bursting forth with merry bound,
Threw its clear waters sparkling to the ground—
Beside the gurgling stream, in pensive mood,
Listening its dash, the Patriarch's servant stood,

Watching in silence (while upon the ground
His weary troop of camels knelt around)
The city-dames, as, each with lofty urn
In graceful ease upon her shoulder borne,
They sought the grove their vessels' depth to fill
With the pure treasures of the sparkling rill.

While thus the stranger gazed, in thoughtful frame,
Among the groups the fair Rebekah came—
Her form was cast in nature's finest mould,
And her blue eyes of purest fancies told—
Sweet was her smile, as played the evening air
Through the rich clusters of her raven hair,
Which, wat'ring from the graceful turban, twined
Around her head their wild excess to bind,
Upon her neck and bosom's modest swell,
Like drops of darkness, in thick tresses fell.
Her soft round cheek was tinged with ruddy glow,
Such as the peach's ripened peelings show—
And all her aspect spoke, serene, yet warm,
Of youth's pure freshness and of nature's charm.

The stranger gazed—well might he gaze!—with eye
 Of rapture, on the form that floated by—
 And when, her pitcher filled, she turned once more
 To bear the burthen to her father's door,
 Struck with the wondrous power, which beauty hath,
 He ran to meet her in the woodland path.—
 "Damsel," he said, "with travel sad and faint,
 Forgive me if I throw aside restraint—
 A weary man—thou wilt vouchsafe to him
 A little water from thy pitcher's brim.
 Thanks—many thanks—scarce ever have I quaffed—
 (Once more permit me—) such a luscious draught—
 Thou art a lovely creature, fit to be
 A prince's bride—thus let me honor thee,"
 And as he spoke, around her arms he rolled
 Two massy bracelets wrought of virgin gold.—
 "And tell me, damsel, if within the halls
 Where dwells thy sire, a stranger's foot e'er falls—
 And is there vacant room, where we may lay,
 We and our camels, till the coming day?"
 "Ay, and to spare," the gentle maid replied,
 "Come in and see—my father's halls are wide,

His means abundant—his our near abode,
Thou and thy camels shall be well bestowed."
She pointed with her hand, and led the way
Where the broad high-road of the city lay—
Till at its farther end her steps she stayed
At a fair mansion, large and well arrayed—
She met her brother at the ample door,
To whom her story she recounted o'er,
And left him with the dark-browed stranger to
The rites of hospitality to share.

Laban, at once, with manner frank and bland,
Bade him no longer at the portal stand;
But drove his camels to the stable by,
Threw down fresh straw whereon the beasts might lie,
Loosed from each back the tightly girded load,
And ample drink and provender bestowed—
Then once again the spacious hall he sought,
And limpid water to his guest he brought—
That he and all his train might wash their feet,
And feet refreshed, before they sat to eat,

Where, at a rich and glistening board aside,
Shone all the dainties orient climes provide.

But here the stranger paused, and "Nay," he said,
"Tis fitting first my errand should be sped—
Nor may I eat, until your listening ear
Has heard the reason of my coming here.
My master Abraham is deep in age,
And nears the closing of his pilgrimage;
And him the Lord hath given a bounteous store—
His barns are filled—his granaries run o'er—
Riches and honors in his lap are laid—
He hath full many a servant—many a maid—
Camels and asses in abundance throng
The wide-spread fields that to his name belong—
Silver and gold in his domain abound,
And flocks and herds roam numberless ground.—
But midst the heaps my master hath possessed,
There is one treasure dearer than the rest—
His favored son—the child of dotting years,
Whom more than age's tenderness endears—

Loved as his life, on him he hath bestowed
 All the vast riches of his proud abode,
 And hither, at my master's bidding sent,
 Among his kindred are my footsteps bent,
 To find a damsel who shall glad his eye
 As his loved Isaac's bride, before he die.
 What say you? shall the fair Rebekah go
 With us her lefty destiny to know?
 Or must I homeward, and report with pain
 To my loved lord, my embassy in vain?"

To whom the Syrian father thus replied—
 "The Lord hath said, and must not be denied.
 Behold our daughter—God's great will be done!
 Take her, and let her bless thy master's son."
 Down to the earth the stranger bowed his head
 In silent adoration, ere he said,
 "So let it be—to-morrow with the day,
 To distant Canaan let us speed away."
 But saddening thoughts came o'er the mother's heart,
 Doomed with her child thus suddenly to part—

“To-morrow!” she exclaimed, “O! not so soon—
 Why so much haste? nay, grant this little boon—
 She is our child, more loved than words can tell,
 Give us some respite ere we say farewell.”

But to her tears thus did the stranger say,
 “Hinder me not—the Lord hath sped my way—
 Hinder me not—but let me now depart,
 To cheer my aged master’s anxious heart.”

It was a stirring sight, at morning’s break,
 When the light mist hung over land and lake,
 To mark the train emerge, with hope elate,
 In long-~~de file~~, from Padan-arām’s gate—
 Attired in regal splendor, jewels rare
 Shining amid the darkness of her hair,
 Forth from her childhood’s loved and calm abode
 The fair Rebekah mid her damsels rode—
 All mounted gay on camels, whose proud height
 Showed their dark beauty in the morning light.—
 As on they moved, to that dear home she turned,
 And all the past within her bosom burned;

And when they swept around the hill, whose side
 Should from her view that long-loved object hide,
 A few stiff fears—and a few only—fell
 Upon her breast, and served the truth to tell—
 That truth, so often told, where'er we roam,
 That the heart's altar still is raised at home—
 With maiden pride she dashed them soon away,
 And strove amid her damsels to be gay—
 And as their camels onward fleetly sped,
 With varied confidence the moments fled—
 Till evening's lengthening shades began to bend
 Towards the dim east, and showed their journey's end.

It needs not tell, how Isaac at the hour
 Of the soft twilight, 'neath its soothing power,
 Wandered abroad amid the fields and groves,
 To indulge the fancies that a poet loves—
 Nor how he paused beside the murmuring rill,
 To watch the camels coming o'er the hill—
 Nor how, when lighting down, with nature's grace
 That radiant maid approached his resting place,

He raised the veil that hid her features rare, . .
And sweetly feasted on her beauty there.—
It needs not tell, how Abraham joyed to see
His son's fair bride at his paternal knee,—
Nor how that son, enamoured of her charms,
Clasped her bright form within his sister's arms,
And from her tenderness more comfort drew,
Than aught his infant years or manhood knew,
Save when in Sarah's tent he learned to prove
What nothing can surpass, a mother's love!

PASSING AWAY.

"I am wearing awa to the land of the leal."

BURNS.

I AM passing away—I am passing away—
I see it—I see it in nature's decay;
The leaves fall around—the grass fades on the ground—
The flowers of the summer can nowhere be found;
The morning beams bright, but it will not remain,
Soon cometh the night o'er the landscape again—
And I turn to myself, and in sadness I see
That the shadows begin too to steal upon me;

I remember the time when I joy'd in the dawn,
 But the freshness and strength of my boyhood are gone;
 The fire burneth low which I cannot relume,
 Youth has vanished I know, and has taken its bloom—
 My eye it is dimm'd, and my hair it is gray—
 I am passing away—I am passing away.

II.

I am passing away—I am passing away—
 I hear it—I hear it in all that they say;
 They tell me of changes that come o'er the scene
 Where my childhood, my boyhood, my manhood have
 been;
 They tell me of some who have wandered afar,
 To the regions where eve lights her love-beaming star;
 They tell me of others whose wanderings are o'er,
 The sound of whose footsteps will greet me no more,
 And the breezes of winter, as round me they swell,
 Seem to break on my ear like a funeral bell—

They sweep o'er the heath with a moan and a sigh,
As if to remind me that I too must die—
Yes, I hear it—I hear it in all that they say,—
I am passing away—I am passing away.

HI.

I am passing away—I am passing away—
I feel it—I feel it each swift-rolling day—
I am not what I was in the years of my prime—
When my heart and my foot were both ready to climb—
When with health in my bosom, and pride on my brow,
I pressed in a race which I cannot run now,
Ambition is cold—and the hopes that once fed
The morn of my being are vanished and dead—
For my pulse does not bound with the high, hearty tone,
That found pleasure in waking the harp-strings alone;
Now I gather the laurel no more for my wreath,
But the sere leaves of autumn, that fade on the heath—
They are fitter—far fitter for him who must say
I am passing away—I am passing away.

IV.

I am passing away—I am passing away—
Then let me the monitor's warning obey;
Not here—oh! not here is the place of my rest,
Deep, deep be this thought on my spirit imprest;
The time, it is short—and the moments they fly—
And soon, ah! full soon they will all have gone by—
And where shall I stand at the end of the day,
When from earth and its scenes parted forever away?
O! Thou who ne'er changest, whose years have no end,
On whose mercy the sinner alone can depend,
So guide me, so guard me, so wash out my stain
In the blood of the Victim on Calvary slain,
That my soul may not tremble, with Him for its stay,
When I'm passing away—when I'm passing away.

EPHEMERA.

"What shadows we are, and what shadows we pursue!"

Well might weep the sentimental Persian,
Looking o'er his host of armed men;
When on Greece he made his wild incursion,
Whence so few might e'er return again.

Well might weep he o'er those countless millions
Dreaming of the future and the past,
As he gazed, amid the gold pavilions
Bound his throne, upon that crowd so vast.

Musing, with subdued and solemn feelings,
 On the awful thoughts that filled his soul—
 One of those most terrible revelations
 That will sometimes o'er the spirit roll.

Thoughts, that of that multitude before him,
 Panting high for fame—athirst to strive—
 Ere old Time had sped a century o'er him,
 Not, perhaps, would one be left alive.

That these hearts, now bounding in the glory
 Of existence, would be hushed and cold;
 Not their very names preserved in story,
 Nor upon fame's chronicle enrolled.

All to earth, their proper home, departed,
 Light heart, strong hand, all gone to kindred clay;
 And, in their vacant room, a new race started,
 Careless of the millions passed away.

Well might weep he—well might we, in weeping,
 Make our offering at sorrow's call—

When we ponder how our days are creeping,
 Like the shadow on the melting wall.

When we think how gone the sun-beams, setting,
 Will depart, and leave it all in shade—
 And our very friends will be forgetting
 That the daylight o'er it ever played.

Life upon a swallow's wing is flying,
 O'er the earth it sparkles, and is gone;
 All our days are but a lengthened dying—
 One dark hour before the eternal dawn.

Riches, glory, honor, fame, ambition—
 All as swiftly fly, as soon are fled;
 On, if gathered, mend they our condition?
 What delight can these afford the dead?

These no more the phantom of thy dreaming—
 Weary is the hunt, the capture vain;
 When thy arms embrace the golden seeming,
 It will vanish from thy grasp again.

Trouble not thy heart with anxious castings,
Thou art but a shadow—so are they;
Let the things of Heaven deserve thy darings,
They alone will never pass away.

LESSONS FROM NATURE.

I look on the valley, the lake and the hill,
All bright in the glory of day—
And thoughts of that better land ever me thrill,
Where the pastures are green and the waters are still,
I would seek it—Lord, show me the way.

I mark where the flocks are reposing in sleep,—
Or mid the wild underwood stray—
Ah! what am I but a wandering sheep,
Which He, the good Shepherd, in mercy did keep
From becoming the wolf's easy prey.

I see the gay herbage in garden and glade—
 The' it perish, my hope is secure—
 For thus I remember the promise is made,
 Tho' the grass and the flower may wither and fade,
 The word of our God shall endure.

I watch the bright clouds, as majestic they sail
 O'er the face of the wann summer sky—
 And I think of the time when no vapour shall veil
 (If my hand do not falter, my faith do not fail).
 The home which I look for on high.

As the mild, gentle zephyrs at evening begin
 In fragrance around me to play,
 They tell with what swoonings the Spirit would win
 Stray souls from the mazes of folly and sin,
 To wisdom's pure, peaceable way.

And when day-light is past—and the night-watchers burn
 Their bright tapers above, I endeavor
 From their clear emanations this lesson to learn,
 That they who shall many to righteousness turn,
 Shall shine, as the stars do, forever.

The' darkness be spread over nature's fair face,
And hang, like a pall, in the air,
I know there's a region of glory and grace,
Where God and the Lamb are the light of the place,
And no night shall ever be there.

But when day again dawns upon meadow and grove,
Giving beauty and freshness to earth,
It reminds me of Him, who in mercy and love,
Came forth like the sun, from his greatness above,
To give to lost man a new birth.

And as hour after hour speeds swiftly away,
Which no wisdom can ever renew,
My heart whispers gently, that life is a day,
And that I, with my might, should perform while I may
Whatever my hands find to do.

The brook murmurs by me, with flowers on its brink,
Even now as these measures I pour;
And as I behold its clear waters, I think
Of those pure streams of joy which the blessed shall drink,
Where they hunger and thirst never more.

And the wild wood, which waving before me I see,
Spreading shade o'er its leaf-covered sod,
Is an emblem faint of that glorious tree,
Which in unfading verdure forever shall be
In the midst of the Eden of God.

They hail to the valley, the lake and the hill,
In nature's delightful array—
Not in vain have I looked on your beauties, if still
With such pleasant fancies my soul you shall fill,
As shall teach me to watch and to pray.

WRITTEN UNDER A PICTURE OF

KENILWORTH CASTLE.

Behold! within your hall,
Amid the by-gone scenes of ancient days,
England's proud queen once held high festival
In all her glory's blaze.

The noble of the land,
The rich, the gifted were around her there;
And in their midst 'twas her delight to stand,
Great Henry's greater heir.

In royal state arrayed,
The diadem shone fairly on her brow,

Jewels and silks upon her form displayed,
 In grandeur's gayest show.

The princely and the high,
 Men of strong heart and mighty in renown,
 Trembled before the terror of her eye,
 And quailed beneath her frown.

Proud of the Tudor's blood,
 Proud of her intellect and well-earned fame,
 Amidst the great ones of the earth she stood,
 A mean, tho' mighty name.

Ruins long ere rude time
 Had taught the ivy o'er your walls to grow,
 She, your proud mistress, from her height sublime,
 Was laid a ruin low.

Upon her pallet-bed,
 Racked in the anguish of the mortal hour,
 Ah! what were jewels to her aching head?
 Ah! what were pomp and power?

There in dread state she lay—

Ruled by a sceptre mightier than her own;
Feeling how mean before death's tyrant sway,
Is every earth-built throne.

None were her lengthened years;

Years passed in gathering laurels for her brow;
But these were all in vain to quell the fears
That filled her bosom now.

Sad was her dying say,

Sad as the echo of a death-bell's toll—
“Millions of treasure for a single day,
A day to save my soul.”

Ruins! your wall is green

With the embracing beauty of the vine;
But for the soul of England's haughty queen,
Can hope around it to twine?

Alas! for those who give

Their days and nights to thoughts of earthly gain,

And suffer that which must forever live . . .
Uncared for to remain.

Riches takes wings and fly— . . .
Fame, honor, grandeur, all must fade away,—
But the redeemed, in life's extremity,
Shall find in Christ their stay..

THE WANDERER'S RETURN.

I LEFT my home in childhood,
The beautiful green spot,
Where I used to sport among the leaves,
Around my native cot—
My heart was full of happiness
Among the woods and hills,
And I heard the voice of hope and love,
Sing gayly in the zills—
Each lawn and sunny meadow,
Each tree and flower was dear—
And I left them full of sadness
With childhood's flowing tear.

I wandered forth a rover
 In quest of fortune's smile,
 And I sought in many a distant land
 My sorrows to beguile—
 I strove amid the breath of fame,
 In rank and wealth, to find
 The talisman should bring repose
 To my e'er-burthened mind.—
 But still my thought reverted
 To the home so loved of yore,—
 And my spirit longed to revel
 In my childhood's haunts once more.

And after years of roaming
 I sought again the scene—
 I stood within the cottage door,
 And looked upon the green—
 But my heart within me died away—
 For time had trod the lawn,
 And change had passed o'er field and cot,
 And those I loved—were gone!

The earth was full of beauty,
There was balm upon the air,
But the feelings of my childhood
I found no longer there.

THE OLD KING AND THE YOUNG HEIR.

“— All this thou see'st is but a clod,
And module of confounded royalty.”

SHAKESPEARE.

High upon the walls of night
Hangs the belt of proud Orion,
• And the winds are moaning light,
Like the growl of slumbering lion.
There's a sadness everywhere
O'er the wintry landscape lying;
Men look round with thoughtful air,
For the poor old year is dying—
The poor old year!

There he lies, his sceptre gone,
All his pride and strength departed;
Poor old monarch, pale and wan,
Sick and weak, and broken-hearted.
His straggling hair and matted beard
Show now how much he is neglected;
Yet once by many he was feared,
And by the most at least respected—
The poor old year!

On his bed of withered leaves,
He drags his snowy sheet around him,
His palsied hand no more receives
The rod of power, as when they crown'd him.
His fading eye no more retains
The faces near him, friend or lover;
There's scarce a breath of life remains,
Alas! poor King! 'tis almost over—
The poor old year!

The clock! it strikes the midnight round,
~~One two three four five six seven;~~

He starts and listens to the sound; -

Eight—~~nine~~—~~ten~~—eleven—

Twelve!—and the moment that the bell

Its last tone to the air has given,

He falls as-stricken by the knell,

And gives his spirit up to Heaven—

The poor old year!

But hark! what means this merry chime,

Thro' the frosty midnight ringing!—

'Tis the prancing steeds of time,

The young heir, the New Year, bringing.

How they shout him—how they quaff

Bumpers to his health and glory!

The poor old year hears not their laugh;

He is but a theme for story

To the merry New Year.

Joyous, blithe he seems, and gay,

Full of hopes and promises—

Pure and fresh, as winds that stray

In summer landward from the seas.

He looks fair and smiling now—

How each heart his presence cheereth!

Think you he will keep his vow?

Will he prove what he appeareth,

A happy New Year?

God be with us—we know not

What beneath his robe he hideth;

Whether a calm or adverse lot

Unknown time for us provideth.

God be with us—let's be gay;

In his smile hope on, hope ever—

Dream not of the coming day,

But make ourselves, amid his favor,

A happy New Year.

STANZAS.

O THERE are feelings of the soul, which cannot be expressed,

That, like the waves of ocean, roll across the heaving breast;

And like the hidden streams that play where daylight ne'er comes nigh,

Can find no language to convey their meaning to the eye.

Such feelings will not be repressed, they swell within the heart,

And rouse a tumult in the breast beyond the reach of art—

The spirit strives in vain to find some word to set it free,

But leaves all human thought behind, and grasps infinity.

A tone of music sweetly borne upon the passing breeze—
The melody of hunter's horn—the murmur of the seas—
The whisper of the winds that shake the summer leaves
apart,

Will oft with sudden impulse wake these feelings in the
heart.

The roseate breath of early flowers—the brightness of the
sky—

The silent hush of twilight hours—the midnight's sable
dye—

The moonlight scene—the mountain burn—the forest and
the fell,

Are things from which the heart will learn what words
can never tell.

A line of poesy, so fraught with feeling's richest lore,
We wonder that we never thought of such a thing be-
fore,

Told by the voice of one we love, when all around is still,
Has magic in it that can move the heart to rapture's thrill.

O there are feelings of the soul which cannot be expressed,
But like a world of waters roll across the panting breast,
Proving how vain is human thought high themes to un-
derstand,
Until a purer lore is taught and in a better land.

EUCHARISTICA.

“Do this in remembrance of me.”

REMEMBER thee! O how can I forget

The weight of anguish that my Saviour bore,
When 'neath his agonizing prayers the sweat
Came forth in blood-drops from each tortured pore.

Can I forget the savage crown of thorns,

The purple robe in mockery of his power,
And all the foul indignities and scorns
That rudely crowded on his parting hour?

Remember thee! And shall I not retain

The precious memory of that dying love,
Which brought my Saviour to the racking pain

Of the dark cross from blessedness above?
Shall I forget, when mid the rending strife

Of the stern grief that bowed his glorious head,
I mark the ebbing of that holy life,

Shall I forget for me that blood was shed?

Remember thee! Let all things pass away,

But, O my Lord, still be thy memory dear—
Fade the fresh glories of the beaming day,

But may my hopes in thee ne'er disappear.
And when the bonds shall break that now detain

This trembling heart and set my spirit free,
Amid the triumphs of thy glorious reign,

Holy Redeemer! O remember me!

THE DEATH SONG OF THE SWAN.

FAREWELL! ye summer streams where I have sported
Fall oft by mossy rock and flowery dell,
I have no more where once my flock resorted—
Ye summer streams, farewell!

No more 'pon your verdant banks reclining,
I see your breast reflect the clear blue skies,—
Ye quiet waters in the sun-beams shining,
Your humble votary dies.

Yet 'mid your lovely scenes where fairies wander,
In many a gay and sportive moonlight throng,

I pause on life's dim verge awhile to ponder—

Accept my latest song.

Accept the lay—the soft melodious numbers

Vouchsafed by nature to my parting breath,

The gentle prelude to unbroken slumbers—

The symphony of death.

I go no more to breathe among the mountains

The ambrosial fragrance which the wild flowers fling,

I go no more beneath the woodland fountains

To wet my snowy wing.

Yet tho' no more I rest in shady bowers

Where my youth's day-spring saw the waters shine,

When death has come, beneath the summer flowers

O, quiet sleep is mine.

The wild wave from the rock shall still be springing,

The mountain mists shall hover o'er the dell,

But I amidst them no more shall be winging—

My native streams, farewell!

H Y M N.

When the dew is on the clover

And the summer's early dawn,

What a fragrance wanders over

All the fresh and verdant lawn:

Day has not another minute

Rich with such ambrosial scent

Moonside has no perfume in it

Can with morning's breath compete,

Ere may give its opening flowers,

By their odors all are lost

To Amazon's fairy bowers
 Formed the senses to allure.

So young hearts, when early given
 To the service of the skies,
 Saturated by the dews of heaven,
 As a sweet memorial rise.

After life, tho' long, can never
 Offer incense to the Lord,
 Like the heart's first warm endeavor,
 Reaching for the high reward.

Manhood may present its treasure—
 Later time its tribute bring—
 E'en old age may feebly measure
 Out its scanty offering.

But the all have approbation—
 Where no gift is met with scorn,
 None are like the sweet oblation
 Of the heart's fresh, dewy morn.

COMPARISONS.

"Behold the picture—is it like? Like whom?"

CONTRA.

A LEAF upon the stream,

When the brook is rushing by
In its glorious summer dream—

Such am I.

A feather in the air,

When the autumn breeze is high,
Driven here and driven there—

Such am I.

A wild-flower in the glade,
 Where the quiet zephyrs sigh,
 Most happy in the shade—
 Such am I.

As the aspen among trees
 Where the sleeping waters lie,
 Stirred by every passing breeze—
 Such am I.

But the leaf will wither and die,
 The feather cease to fly,
 And both be seen no more—
 So will I.

The flower soon will fade,
 And the aspen's leaves be dry,
 Both forgotten in the glade—
 So will I.

STANZAS TO THE MOCKING-BIRD.

BEAUTIFUL charmer! bird of many voices!
Most sweet magician of the choral throng!
How nature in her woodland haunts rejoices,
When thou hast filled the summer wilds with song!

Well may the grove be envious of thy powers,
When thou canst rival every warbler's tone,
Pouring the richest melody in showers,
Which prove the gifts of all the rest thine own.

Not unto thee has bounteous nature given
The bright cerulean plumage of the jay,

Nor the swan's vesture, like the snow from heaven,
 Nor the wood-pecker's fanciful array.

The parrot's coat is far more rich and glowing—
 The red-bird much outshines thee on the wing—
 And when the peacock his gay train is showing,
 Thou seem'st a mean and unregarded thing.

But what is all the ravished eye discovers
 In the gay dresses that to these belong,
 To the more glorious charm that round thee hovers,
 When thou hast lifted up thy voice in song?

Enchanter of the woods! the richest treasures
 Of native melody in thee we find;
 Each other songster trills his simple measures,
 But all the forest is in thee combined.

Thy imitative art is ever waking . . .
 To catch the varied notes that round thee ring,
 And each new manner with strange aptness taking,
 Thou teachest others how, improved, to sing.

The softest tones the gentle catbird utters,
Or the loud clamor of the noisy crow,
The lark's sweet glee, or what the harsh owl mutters,
With equal truth thy magic voice can show.

Then come—a host thyself—with no adorning
But the plain garb that nature bids thee wear,—
The gaudy show of weaker songsters scorning,
Come, and with melody invest the air.

O ever welcome! how the grove rejoices,
Listening thy harmony, so sweet and strong!
Beautiful charmer! bird of many voices!
Come and delight our weary souls with song!

THE DANCE OF THE WATER NYMPHS.

[These verses were suggested by one of the cascades at Trenton Falls, where I passed a day very pleasantly a few summers ago. The scenery is wild, and little marred by the hand of man. I strolled along the margin of the stream, which presents almost every variety of waterfall that the fancy can conceive, until I had made friends with the waters, learned their language, and talked to them in my heart; and as I sat me down on the rocks amid their deep solitude, where they poured down their tumultuous waves in a golden shower, and listened to the unceasing music of their roar, I could almost dream at last that I saw the fairy Water Nymphs, ere they leaped into the foaming rapid below, throwing themselves in fantastic gambols into the air, and laughing in the glee of a supernatural joy. The scene was peopled with "those beings of the mind" which "are not of clay," and my excited imagination could see the forms and hear the shoutings of these fairy myriads with almost as much distinctness as if they had been there palpably before me.]

HURRA! Hurra! the wave is deep—
From the wild rock we take our leap—

Shouting and laughing as we go
 Gayly into the gulf below,
 In the midst of the sparkling foam
 We have made our mirthful home—
 Great is our glee, as, proud and brave,
 We ride on the crest of the dancing wave—
 Thus we sport our time away.
 Light as a shadow—hurra! hurra!

Here is a scene of beauty rare,
 Charming earth—elastic air—
 Skies of deep and-cheering blue,
 Clouds of every tint and hue—
 Waters that flash as on they pour
 Over the rocks with a rush and roar—
 Dropping down, as Jove of old,
 In a shower of liquid gold—
 Then descending fast and far,
 Like the course of a falling star.

All the trees in robes of green
 Smile upon the charming scene—

Wild flowers sprinkle o'er the ground
 To drink the spray that falls around,
 As in nooks and dingles high
 On their mossy beds they lie—
 Peering from their mansions down
 To behold the blessed sun,
 When he asks with daily care
 How his gentle children fare.

Hurra! hurra! on the rushing tide
 Here we laugh, and thus we ride—
 Dancing on with merry shout,
 Flinging all our arms about—
 Day and night behold our glee,
 For a fairy host are we—
 Ever bounding on the verge
 Of the cascade's busy surge—
 Thus untired we keep our play,
 Creatures of fancy—hurra! hurra!

ODE TO MAY.

I.

THE winter is past and the rain is o'er,
And flowers appear on the earth once more—
And nature from icy fetters free,
Starts into life and song and glee—
There's a gentle breeze comes over the land,
From the warm south-west by the zephyrs fann'd,
And the frosts arouse when they hear the sound,
And commence their march for the Arctic bound—
A genial softness spreads o'er the scene,
And the hills begin to resume their green,
And from the sunny realms of day
Comes fleet o'er the mountains the lovely May.

II.

At her approach the earth awakes,
And puts her rosy garment on;
And from her hand of beauty shakes
Sweet dew-drops o'er the smiling lawn.
The primrose peeps from its lowly bed,
And the fern is bright on the far-spread heath,
And the cowslip is crushed beneath your tread,
As you search the meadow to bind a wreath.
The young leaves burst from the dark gray trees,
Like youth and age together entwined,
And spreading their petals to court the breeze,
Soon cover with verdure the mossy rind—
The cherry-tree stands like a ghost in the wood,
Enveloped in blossoms as white as snow;
While others their beautiful forms obtrude,
All tinted with leaves of a crimson glow.

III.

Now from the hills—the sunny hills—
Come bounding down the mountain ribs,

With laughter rude and revelry,
Like young fawns, jöying to be free
From the ice-prison where they lay,
While winter o'er the land had sway.
From the deep fountains where, unseen,
They crept the rugged roots between,
They come with gay and gallant bound,
To irrigate and bless the ground ;
Cheering the woods with pleasant chimes,
That tell of balmy summer times,
When heaven is bright and earth is gay,
And clouds and storms have passed away—
That tell of peaceful moonlight eves,
With soft-winds rustling in the leaves,
And odors that ascend above,
And tranquilize the soul to love.

IV.

The sun from his orient chamber
Comes early to drink the dew,

And spreads his bright rays, like clear amber,
 On forest and mountain blue—
 All nature looks gay at his coming,
 The mists roll away from the hills,
 And insects are cheerily humming,
 In tune with the murmuring rills;
 The cattle in quietness going,
 To the meadows are winding their way,
 And utter their joyous lowing,
 To welcome the coming of May.

V.

But hark! the voice of melody, that breaks
 In gushing fullness from the shady grove,
 Where the wild warbler of the woodland wakes
 Once more the song of harmony and love;
 The lively black-bird and the plaintive dove,
 The jay, the lark, and all the numerous train
 That haunt the earth below or air above,
 All send their varied notes of joy again,
 Glad to resume the woods, from wandering o'er the main.

And when the first gay tint of morn is seen,
 Fringing with ruddy light the orient cloud,
 Amid the forest shades and alleys green,
 O how they greet the skies with clamors loud—
 And when the evening sun, in glory proud,
 Sinks to his gorgeous rest and shuts the day,
 Thro' the calm twilight how the happy crowd
 Twitter on restless wing from spray to spray,
 Without a grief to mar the bliss that lights their way.

VI.

Hail, gentle May! the rosy-queen of flowers,
 Mistress of silent dew and pearly showers,
 Whose step, in freshness, on the verdant lawn,
 Tells that the winter's rage is past and gone,
 Thes we re-welcome to the woods and vales,
 The ambrosial gardens, and the hedgy dales.
 The uplifted mountains joy when thou hast smiled
 Along their ravines dark and dingles wild;

And the fair valleys laugh when thou art seen
Spreading about their plains thy mantle green.
The lowing cattle on a thousand hills,
With new delight thy balmy presence fills—
The warbling birds, that sport from tree to tree,
Sing their wild songs of happiness to thee—
And even things inanimate—the streams
And flowers—seem to own their pleasant dreams.
Man, too, his heart with rapture sweetly filled,
Feeling fresh life thro' all his frame distilled,
Blessing the hand that bids thee gayly bound
Thro' nature's fields to strew thy joys around,
Looks o'er the land, delightfully serene,
Where human passions have not marr'd the scene,
And seeing all in tranquil beauty gay,
Hails the fair queen of nature, rosy May!

SONNET.

It was amid the mountain wilds we met—
It was beside the fountain's brink we parted—
We met as strangers, parted with regret,
As ever part the true and gentle hearted.
I will not say tears trembled in my eye—
But in my heart there was a saddened feeling
Akin to tears, although my lids were dry.
I cannot tell in words the strange revealing
That nature made within me, but I seemed
Like one o'er whom a gush of joy has streamed,

With whom the flood is suddenly congealing—
Like one who finding an unlooked-for treasure,
Hugs to his heart the precious golden pleasure,
And instant waking, finds he has but dreamed.

WRITTEN AT LAKE GEORGE.

'Tis midnight hour on Hørricon,
And silence broods o'er earth and sky ;
The very voice of life is gone—
Not e'en the wave that wanders by
Sends up a murmuring sound on high—
Of all around I only wake,
And turn once more a raptured eye
Upon the mountain and the lake.

Are they not things indeed to love ?
Are not the hills and waves a joy ?

With forests round, and skies above,
I seem again a very boy—
It fills my soul with sweet employ
To see them rise, to watch them run,—
O these are charms that will not cloy,
Nor chide us when their reign is done.

The stars are forth above the lake,
The song of day is heard no more ;
E'en echo's self has ceased to wake
In music's breath along the shore.
Peace like a mantle covers o'er
The mountain glories of the scene,
And what was beautiful before,
Becomes all tranquil and serene.

THE PRAISE OF NATURE.

NATURE, dear mother, unto thee I turn ;

Thanks for the bounties thou hast now bestowed—

While yet I breathe, O never may I learn

To slight the beauties of thy wild abode—

Ne'er may rude avarice with dark inroad

Usurp the feelings which to thee belong,

Nor stern ambition, whose black flood hath flowed

O'er fairest scenes, e'er do thy spirit wrong,

But be thy home my joy, thy excellence my song.

So may I learn to love thee more and more,

To feel thy charms still dearer to my breast,

And from thy scenes of solitude to soar

Up to the source from which they are imprest—
With friendship's voice oft be my journey blest,

That gentle voice that lures from sorrow's way—
And soothed by thee, dear Nature, may I rest

Where nought but thoughts of love and kindness play—
Where feeling's loveliest tones in gentle gladness stray.

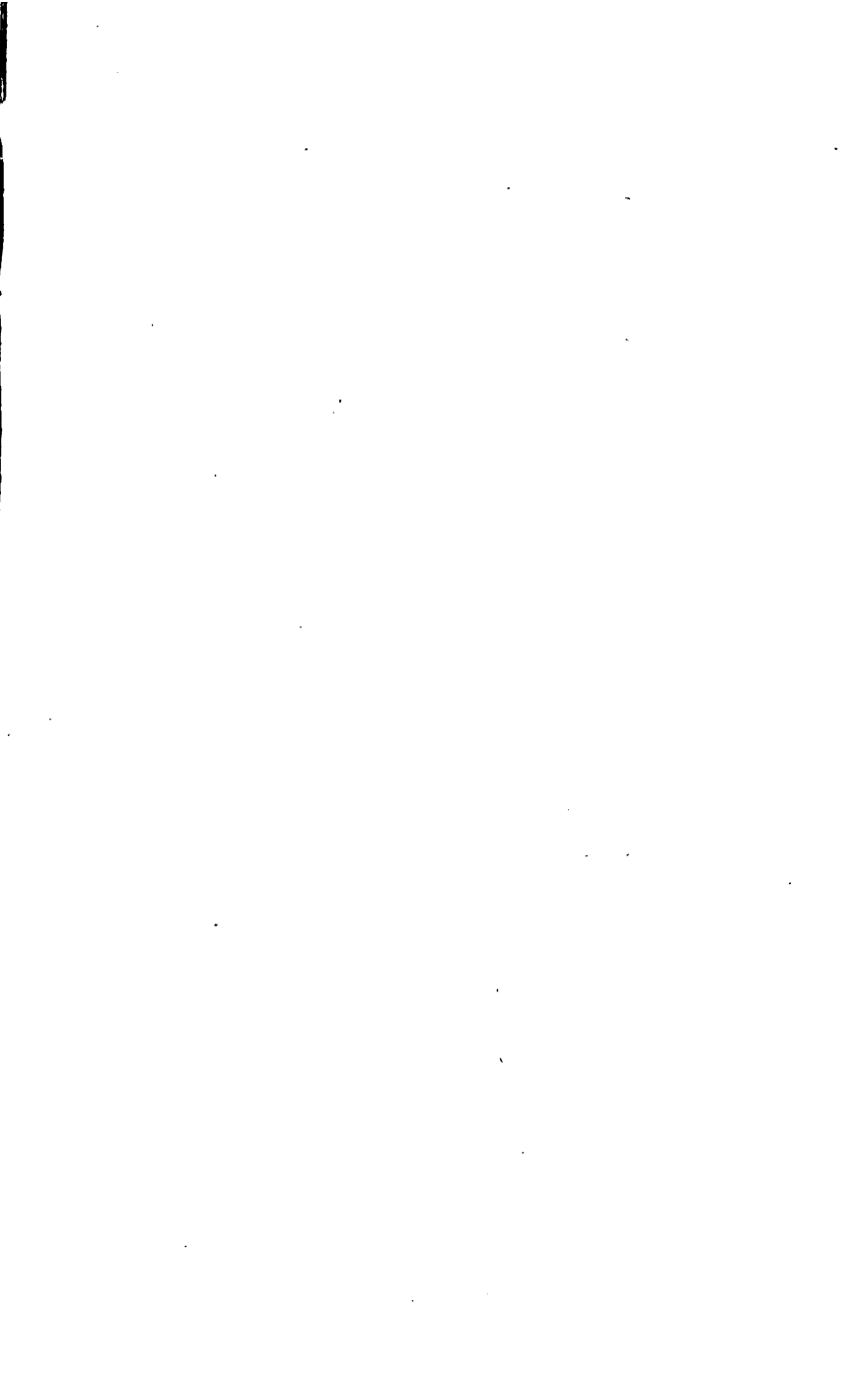
Thanks for the joys of mountains and of woods,

Thanks for the valley and the lowland scene—
Thanks for the pleasures of the hills and floods,

Where'er the magic of thy touch hath been—
Thanks for the moments thou hast made serene,

Thanks for the friends that cheered those happy days—
O smile upon them with thy kindest mien,

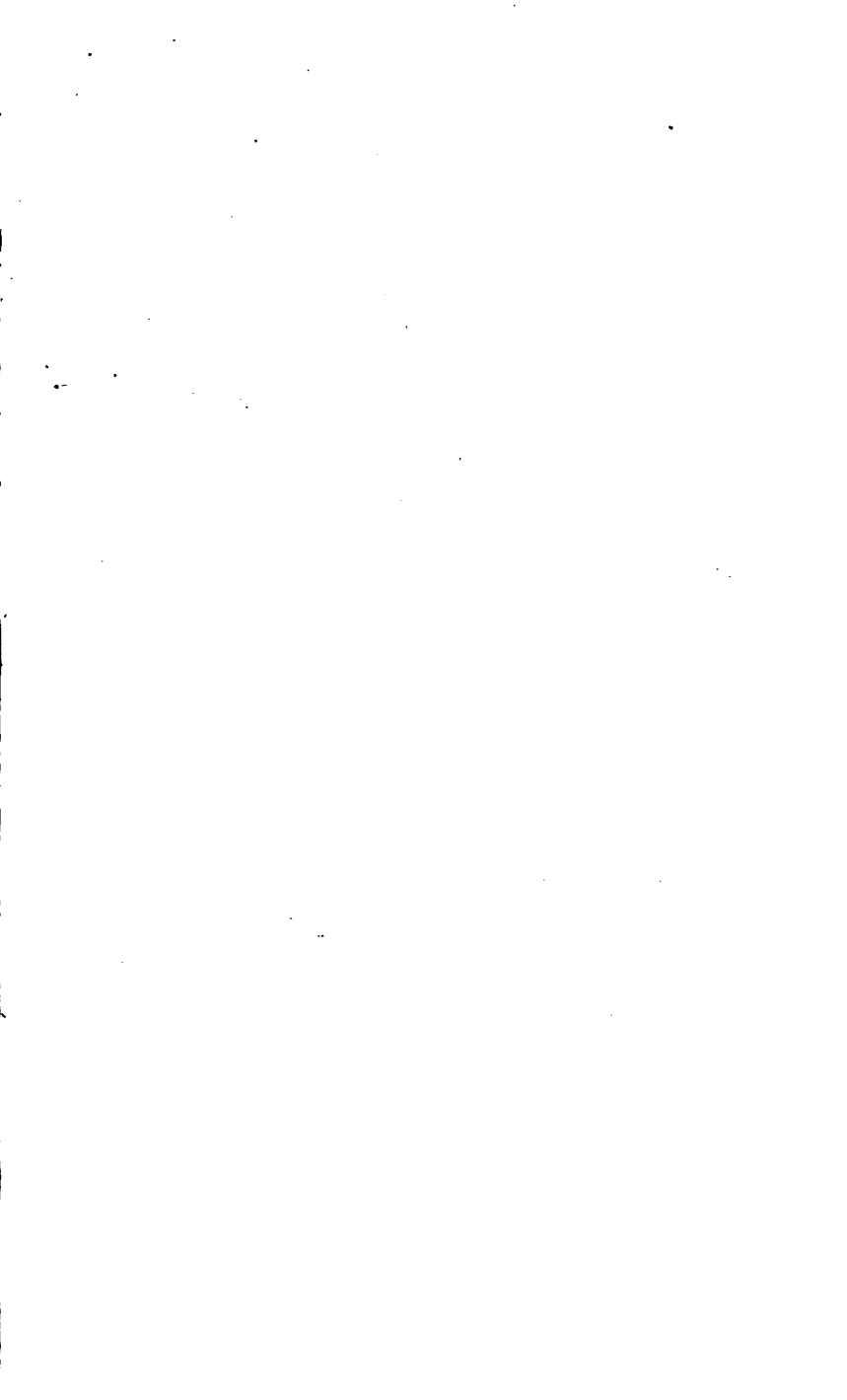
And bless their way forever; here I raise
To thee my parting hymn of gratitude and praise.



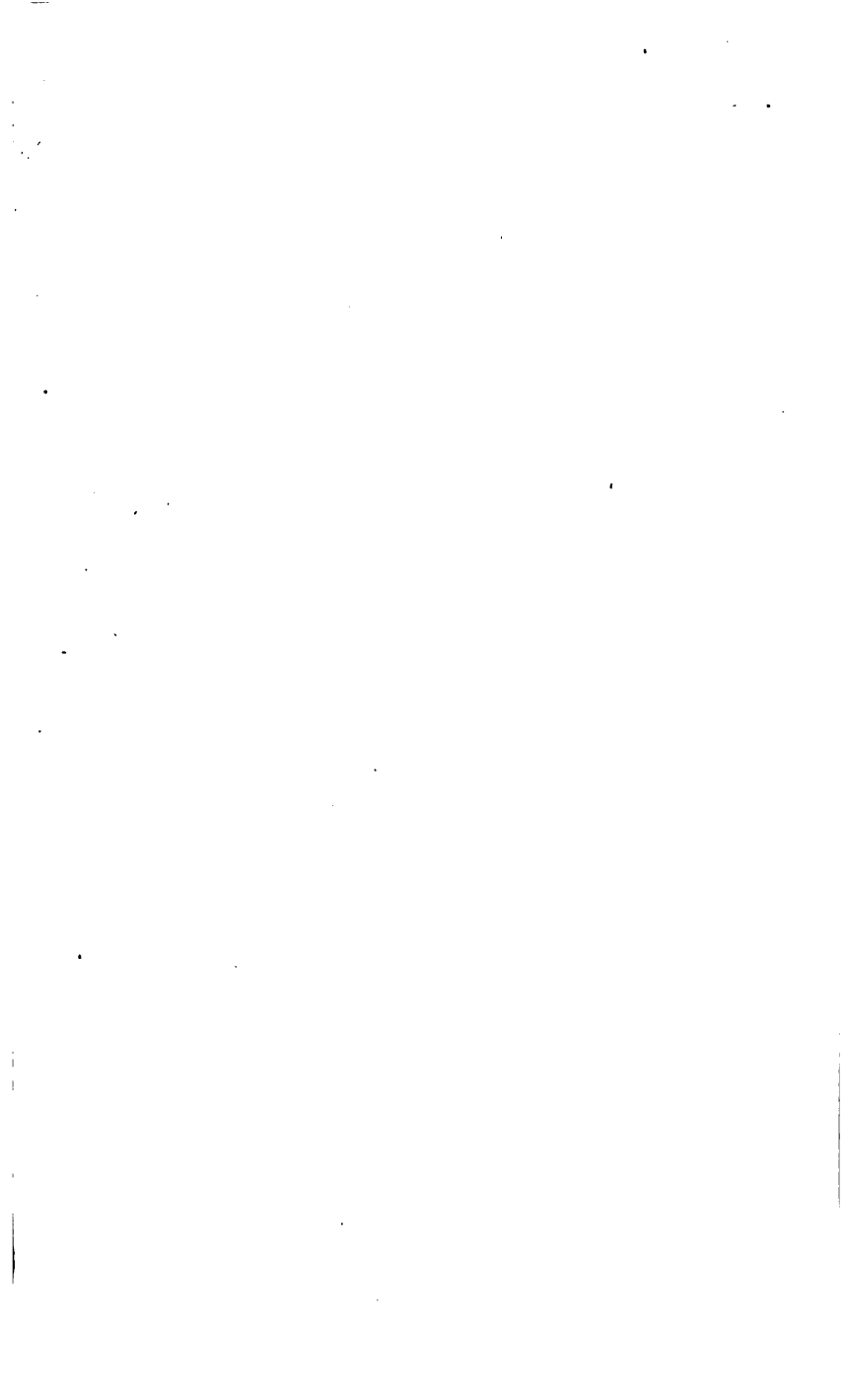




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